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THE WARRIOR OF THE DESERT.

"THE SHIP OF THE DESERT."

AT the Creation, the Mosaic account informs us that man was made, and placed in the garden of Eden. This original home was teeming with all the charms of earth—running water, fertile vales, dense forests, fruits, and floral treasures. It is no doubt true that, in the earliest ages, the human race, driven from Paradise, sought such retreats as were nearest like those of Paradise. In course of time, however, the sword of the tyrant drove out its victims from what were deemed to be the habitable parts of the earth; and then the deserts were attempted as a home, and the camel became a slave to labor. But, by his subjection, the most barren soils have become the homes of the most interesting portion of the Old World; and, such is the importance of the camel in the economy of desert-life, that its extinction would involve the destruction of the whole population of those arid regions, of the mundane existence of which the camel is the indispensable condition.

The camel, in a northern climate, and to eyes unaccustomed to its appearance, is unprepossessing, if not absolutely repulsive. The apparently ill-shaped legs and large flat feet, the deformed back, the long neck, that seems to be painfully taxed to bear up the singularly small and almost earless head—then there is nothing graceful in its motions, and its coat partakes equally of the character of fur and hair, and this mixture is so unequally distributed, that it makes a covering most unpleasant and imperfect to behold. And yet the camel, in many respects above all other animals, teaches us the most direct lesson of the special wisdom of Divine Providence in providing a creature that, by its habits, and its valuable properties as a servant to man, will meet and overcome the greatest amount of natural obstacles. Its appropriate home is in the desert; and, for the arid life it delights in, nothing could be more beautifully and perfectly adapted than the camel, and, without these "ships of the desert," vast tracts of the earth, now teeming with population, would be uninhabited. Designed to live in regions where but scanty nourishment of vegetation and water can be found, Nature has been careful to meet the demand by the most perfect required organization.

To accomplish this, all fulness of form that characterizes the ox and the horse is sacrificed to the indispensable. We have the small and almost earless head and fleshless neck. The thighs and legs are stripped of every muscle not essential to movement; and the hard, dry, meagre body has only the vessels and tendons required to knit the frame together. With the most powerful jaw, to crush the hardest of aliments—the slowly-growing and scanty vegetation of the desert—it is still a ruminant. Its foot is a mass of soft muscle which slides helplessly in the mud, and is unfit for climbing, but is perfect for travelling over the even surface of the sandy plain. The camel is also condemned to servitude by possessing no defence against its enemies. It has neither the horns of the ox, the speed of the giraffe, nor the tusks of the elephant. Then, how does it, and how has it, resisted for unknown centuries the attacks of the lion, the tiger, or even the prowling wolf? To save the species from extirpation, the natural home of the camel is in the boundless desert, where no vegetable luxuriance attracts beasts of the chase, and from which the more voracious animals are banished by the scarcity of their natural prey.

The camel is even more useful to the children of the desert than is the reindeer to the inhabitants of the frozen zones. The flesh of the camel is sweet, nutritious food; its milk is the best of beverages. Of its hide tents are made; of its hair, the most splendid shawls that can adorn the beauties of the East; and its bones serve for weapons of war, agriculture, and domestic utensils. It is prominent with all the life of the East; and the Christian world is familiar with its history, because it is associated with the daily life of Abraham and Jacob, and was part of the fortune of that old man of Uz, the patient Job.

In the East, the camel partakes of as many varieties as we have of the horse in the temperate zones. They have the high-mettled, blooded camel; the commonplace, hard-working creature, and the miniature specimens answering to our Shetland ponies.

At the head of them stands the colossal and literally proud and lofty-bearing hairy Bactrian camel. He is, with the exception of the elephant, the most powerful animal subjected to man, yet so gentle that a child can manage him. His strength is in proportion to his magnificent size—often nine feet high—and it is not uncommon to see him loaded with fourteen or fifteen hundred weight, though on long journeys he seldom carries more than eight or nine hundred pounds. Most of this breed is raised in Asia Minor and the northern part of Syria. The Bohoor camel is next in size, sometimes reaching eight feet in height. The pure Arabian is designated by the Turks as the hairless camel, in contradistinction to the Bactrian. They are mostly used for speed, and carry comparatively light weights. The popular color of these animals is that of sepia, and, if of good blood, the coat is very glossy. The single-humped camel, wherever found, is designated the Arabian camel by naturalists; and the true dromedary is a swift, high-bred variety of this breed, and has greater speed and endurance, though it is unable to carry, even for short distances, as heavy loads as its slower cousins.

The hump, the aristocratic mark of beauty and blood in the camel, is a fatty protuberance upon the back, like that of our buffalo, and is unsupported by any special bony process, and is only developed in perfection in the highest-bred animals. Jockeys, who deal in the camel, use many artificial means to give the hump an unnatural size and solidity. This hump, in camels that are pampered, has been known to weigh not less than one-fourth of the animal's body. Of all its members, it is the last to take on fat, and, in suffering and starvation, the last exhausted. A repose of three or four months is necessary to restore its full volume, and, in long journeys, it slowly wastes away. The Arabic language has at least thirty words descriptive of the condition of the hump, referring to its dimensions, its fatness or leanness, its flaccidity or solidity, and the causes of all the different states of this important appendage.

With respect to food, there is no doubt that the camel will endure a number of days of entire abstinence. But, absolute deprivation of food is seldom necessary; for there are always shrubs growing here and there in the sand, which, to human judgment, are valueless, but which the camel crops with evident satisfaction and comfort. Nutriment is also derived from the absorption of the hump, while the internal water-sacks, that act independent of the stomach, afford fluid to keep the throat and stomach proper from suffering. On ordinary routes, the camel is not fed at all; even on long journeys, he is apt to snatch his food as he can during the march of the caravan, or gather it more leisurely from the sand while on the halt. At the commencement of the day's march, the animal is ever on the lookout for the stunted acacias and other prickly plants, which, with occasionally a more succulent herb, constitute almost his sole diet, and he snatches them in passing along, giving the rider an uncomfortable jerk as he turns to seize them, or suddenly stops, at some hazard of throwing the inexperienced rider rudely to the ground. And, in spite of blows and persuasive words, the camel always thus browses at his pleasure. Temperate in eating, he is also easily satisfied when quenching his thirst. He can smell or perceive the existence of water at long distances, and, by this remarkable sagacity, often saves hundreds of lives that would otherwise be sacrificed. But, when he comes to a spring, he often than otherwise shows intense impatience to be served, and, when at last the delicious beverage is at his service, he drinks daintily, though he may have been previously travelling thirteen and fourteen hours a day under the heat of a burning tropical sun.

In the blasting siroccos of the desert, when the sands darken

the air, and burn the flesh as sparks of fire, and suffocate the nostrils as with brimstone, the camel finds his want of graceful ears an advantage. His unshapely nostrils close up with the tightness of a vice; and his deep-set eyes, overshadowed by his huge brow, will be the only visual organs in the vast caravan of sufferers that can look upon the whirling desolation with impunity.

The camel, with his slender and shapeless limbs, his light quarters, and his shambling gait, seems little adapted to the performance of any labor requiring either speed or strength; but his power of endurance enables him to accomplish a long journey of fifty and sixty miles a day in a shorter space of time than could a horse, bearing at the same time a burden greatly disproportioned to his own weight. The burden of the camel varies from four hundred to a thousand pounds, and, for short distances, they have been known to carry fifteen hundred pounds.

His patience is proverbial, and, as a rule, an expressive groan, difficult to describe, but very formidable when uttered simultaneously by hundreds in a caravan, is all the evidence he gives of being overwrought or otherwise severely used.

The camel is not sociable, and, from the character of his natural home, it is to be presumed that he would be fond of solitude, and not dependent upon associations for his happiness. Without being the least degree vicious, he performs his duties with no alacrity; but, if his affections or passions are once interested, he is said to become jealous and revengeful.

The Arabs have many traditions illustrative of this. They tell a story, and believe it, of a certain camel-driver who had bitterly insulted (i. e., thrashed in some ignominious way) the animal under his charge. The camel showed a disposition to resent his injury, but the driver kept for several days out of the way. One night the man retired for safety inside of his tent, leaving his cloak spread over his saddle on the outside. During the night, he heard the camel approaching the object, and, after satisfying himself that it was his master's cloak, and believing that the said master was asleep beneath it, the camel lay down and rolled backward and forward over it, evidently much gratified by the cracking and smashing of the saddle underneath it, believing it was his master's bones that were falling to pieces under the pressure. Having accomplished his work, the camel contemplated it a moment with pleasure, and then walked away. The next morning, at the usual hour, the master presented himself to the camel; the disappointed animal, at seeing his enemy safe before him, in his rage and disappointment, broke his heart, and died on the spot.

It is a familiar and truthful figure to call the camel "the ship of the desert." How just the comparison is, may be seen in the fact that it is no uncommon thing for a traveller to place his wife and a numerous family of children in a pannier, and then put himself on the opposite side, with sufficient weight to make the panniers balance, and thus arranged start his vessel, his craft, off with the caravan.

The Arabs often sleep on their camels when engaged in performing a long march, and Layard gives curious accounts of the preparation, and even of the cooking of food on the backs of the camels by the Arab women, during the privations of a forced march. Under these circumstances, one woman mounted on a camel-load of grain would grind the wheat in a hand-mill, the flour would be passed over to another woman riding a camel loaded with water, who would mix it and knead it into dough; thus prepared, the dough would be passed to a third woman, who would bake it in a portable oven, heated with wood and straw. The milking of the camels is performed with the greatest facility, and thus the forced march is kept up, as long as the animals are able to travel.

Grand Cairo may be termed the metropolis for the display of this most useful animal, and it is only necessary to see him bearing his burden of beauty or state through the streets, surrounded by music, or cheered by the voices of the crowd, to

be satisfied that the animal deeply sympathizes with his surroundings, and deserves the title of proud, which is familiarly applied to his conduct on such interesting occasions. It is said that camels, when thus pampered, often refuse to take food from any hand but their honored master, and that instances have occurred where, when denied this gratification, they have refused to eat, and slowly died of starvation.

The Egyptians, to the horror of the Arab, train camels for wrestling and fighting, and the animals show great dexterity and cunning while thus engaged. Lest they should do some irreparable injury, they are muzzled, for when a camel bites, he generally takes out the piece seized with his teeth. In the Crimea, in these contests, camels are decked out with all kinds of ornaments, and gay ribbons, and streamers; in addition, they have strings of musical bells hanging from their backs and fore-legs, and their head-stalls are covered with worsteds, beads, shells, and bits of looking-glass. Many wealthy Egyptians breed and keep these wrestlers in large numbers, and have them trained with as great care as we train our race-horses. Occasionally a wrestling camel acquires unusual dexterity, and performs his part in the ring with all the superior grace and success of a veteran prize-fighter—such animals are considered almost invaluable. When they commence their exhibitions, the experienced camels seem to fence with their heads, and try all sorts of ways to obtain some advantage. As their blood warms, they will strike at each other with their feet, accomplishing but little by this waste of vigor, for their feet, unlike those of the deer, have no cutting or destructive power. They finally engage in earnest, and endeavor to gain some advantage by entangling their long necks, and striking them together with great force, as fencers do their swords. After parrying and thrusting awhile, one or the other of the animals is thrown on his side, and the contest ends—rarely with any very serious consequences, but often occasioning great excitement among the spectators. A camel that has obtained distinction as a wrestler is an object of as much attention, and is commercially as valuable above his fellows, as are the race-horses which obtain laurels at Ascot and Jerome Park.

In the estimation of the "children of the desert," the camel is sacred, and this high appreciation is evinced by the fact that Mohammed is represented as going to heaven on the back of the animal. No other conveyance was considered by his disciples equal to the occasion.

Having referred to the animal as a beast of burden, of royal display, and as an article of food, it would be reprehensible if we should not mention its contributions to the luxury of mankind. From selected hair of the camel are made the finest shawls that adorn the sultanas of the East, or make up the furniture of the most prized rooms of the harem. From immemorial times these magnificent displays of courtly draperies have had no superiors in utility, beauty of color, and unrivalled excellence. All the delicate machinery, and the grandest triumphs of modern chemistry, have failed to weave a more delicate web, or secure more brilliant colors, than were common probably in Oriental countries as long ago as when the Queen of Sheba presented herself for admiration before King Solomon. And, in our day, the highest-priced shawls that can be selected at the marts of our "merchant princes" are of camel's hair. Those ancient belles Sarah and Rebecca had their camel-hair shawls, just as their modern representatives the Flora McFlimsays have, and the beauty of the women, and the attractiveness of the shawls, after nearly four thousand years, remain the same, and will continue to do so fortunately through all time.

The experiment, made some years ago, to introduce the camel as a domestic animal, upon our Western plains, was a failure. The sudden changes peculiar to our climate affected its health; but, what was most natural, it seemed to grow homesick when brought in contact with our native American Arabs. So long as their own Arabian sunburnt overseers had charge of them, the camels seemed to be contented, but our Yankee



THE ZOUAVE AND HIS CAMEL.

drivers were evidently too fast and irreligious for their old foggy ways and prejudices. It was certainly true that the camels imported brought over with them the severe ritualism and bitter fanaticism of their native country. They were all fatalists, and looked upon being miserable with complacency, provided they could be miserable in their own way. Under American treatment, they were well and regularly fed, and kept steadily at work. This was absurd—they desired to be three-fourths starved and overwrought one-half of the time; the remainder of the time they wanted to stand perfectly still, and do nothing and think of nothing, and they wanted their human companions to live and act in the same way—all this was impossible; so the camels could not get naturalized to American go-ahead ways, which depressed their spirits, and in their desperation they seemingly preferred (judging from the result) to die, or be kept in a menagerie.

In our own country, the abundance of springs, the plentifulness of herbage, the soft wet soils, the confinements of settled populations, all combined to make the camel out of place. His structure, his natural habits, and his food, were unsuited for such comfortable surroundings, and his very appearance suggested that he was a stranger, and would never realize the idea of becoming a naturalized beast of burden, and a useful companion of Christianized man. Even among the Bedouins, when they become rich enough to abandon their nomadic life, they gradually dispense with the camel, and seek the nobler services of the aristocratic horse. It was never possible to introduce the camel into Spain, Italy, or any cultivated country, but the animal has always been plentiful in Bessarabia, the Crimea, and all the southeastern provinces of Russia. When the wandering Tartar encloses his possessions, and converts

the desert steppe into arable ground, he exchanges his camels for oxen and sheep.

The camel is a nomad by nature, and when man abandons a wandering course of life the camel ceases to be an object of value, or a type of his new civilization. For these reasons, the introduction of the animal some years ago into the United States, as a domestic animal, was a failure.

But if it is true that a native wild race of camels is growing up among the mountain fastnesses of our Western deserts—the offspring of animals our Government imported, in their futile experiment of making them immediately useful for the wants of the pioneer and frontier soldier—we may nevertheless, in time, have a native race that will add material wealth to our resources, not only as a beast of burden, but also in supplying a superior fabric for our rapidly-increasing manufacturing interests. And thus, contrary to the original design, the importation of camels upon this continent may turn out a grand success.

Our first illustration represents the camel mounted by a warrior of the desert. He is rivalling the wind in his haste to convey the news to his chief of some sad defeat or glorious victory. Our second engraving depicts this useful animal as a servant of a French soldier. It will be perceived that he has, along with himself and his military accoutrements, a variety of things which would be considered luxuries by the quartermaster of any army in Christendom. Thus mounted, the military subordinate moves along with a degree of comfort, and from an exalted pinnacle that could not be obtained in any military conveyance not provided by a camel's back.

THE INVISIBLE EYE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ERCKMANN-CHATRAIN.

ABOUT this time (said Christian), poor as a church-mouse, I took refuge in the roof of an old house in Minnesänger Street, Nuremberg, and made my nest in the corner of the garret.

I was compelled to walk over my straw bed to reach the window, but this window was in the gable-end, and the view from it was magnificent, both town and country being spread out before me.

I could see the cats, walking gravely in the gutters; the storks, their beaks filled with frogs, carrying nourishment to their ravenous brood; the pigeons, springing from their cotes, their tails spread like fans, hovering over the streets.

In the evening, when the bells called the world to the Angelus, with my elbows upon the edge of the roof, I listened to their melancholy chimes; I watched the windows as, one by one, they were lighted up; the good burghers smoking their pipes on the sidewalks; the young girls, in their red skirts, with their pitchers under their arms, laughing and chatting around the fountain "Saint Sebalt." Insensibly all this faded away, the bats commenced their rapid course, and I retired to my mattress in sweet peace and tranquillity.

The old curiosity-seller, Toubac, knew the way to my little lodging as well as I did, and was not afraid to climb the ladder. Every week his ugly head, adorned with a reddish cap, raised the trap-door, his fingers grasped the ledge, and he cried out, in a nasal tone:

"Well, well, Master Christian, have you any thing?"

To which I replied:

"Come in. Why in the devil don't you come in? I am just finishing a little landscape, and you must tell me what you think of it."

Then his great back, seeming to elongate, grew up, even to the roof, and the good man laughed silently.

I must do justice to Toubac: he never haggled with me about prices; he bought all my paintings at fifteen florins, one with the other, and sold them again for forty each. "This was an honest Jew!"

I began to grow fond of this mode of existence, and to find new charms in it day by day.

Just at this time, the city of Nuremberg was agitated by a strange and mysterious event. Not far from my dormer-window, a little to the left, stood the Inn Beuf-Gras, an old *auberge* much patronized throughout the country. Three or four wagons, filled with sacks or casks, were always drawn up before the door, where the rustic drivers

were in the habit of stopping, on their way to the market, to take their morning draught of wine.

The gable-end of the inn was distinguished by its peculiar form. It was very narrow, pointed, and, on two sides, cut in teeth, like a saw. The carvings were strangely grotesque, interwoven and ornamenting the cornices and surrounding the windows; but the most remarkable fact was, that the house opposite reproduced exactly the same sculptures, the same ornaments; even the sign-board, with its post and spiral of iron, was exactly copied.

One might have thought that these two ancient houses reflected each other. Behind the inn, however, was a grand old oak, whose sombre leaves darkened the stones of the roof, while the other house stood out in bold relief against the sky. To complete the description, this old building was as silent and dreary as the Inn Beuf-Gras was noisy and animated.

On one side, a crowd of merry drinkers were continually entering in and going out, singing, tripping, cracking their whips; on the other, profound silence reigned.

Perhaps, once or twice during the day, the heavy door seemed to open of itself, to allow a little old woman to go out, with her back almost in a semicircle, her dress fitting tight about her hips, an enormous basket on her arm, and her hand contracted against her breast.

It seemed to me that I saw at a glance, as I looked upon her, a whole existence of good works and pious meditations.

The physiognomy of this old woman had struck me more than once: her little green eyes, long, thin nose, the immense bouquets of flowers on her shawl, which must have been at least a hundred years old, the withered smile which puckered her cheeks into a cockade, the lace of her bonnet falling down to her eyebrows—all this was fantastic, and interested me much. Why did this old woman live in this great deserted house? I wished to explore the mystery.

One day, as I paused in the street and followed her with my eyes, she turned suddenly and gave me a look, the horrible expression of which I know not how to paint; made three or four hideous grimaces, and then, letting her palsied head fall upon her breast, drew her great shawl closely around her, and advanced slowly to the heavy door, behind which I saw her disappear.

"She's an old fool!" I said to myself, in a sort of stupor. My faith, it was the height of folly in me to be interested in her!

However, I would like to see her grimace again; old Toubac would willingly give me fifteen florins if I could paint it for him.

I must confess that these pleasanties of mine did not entirely reassure me.

The hideous glance, which the old shrew had given me, pursued me everywhere. More than once, while climbing the almost perpendicular ladder to my loft, feeling my clothing caught on some point, I trembled from head to foot, imagining that the old wretch was hanging to the tails of my coat, in order to destroy me.

Toubac, to whom I related this adventure, was far from laughing at it; indeed, he assumed a grave and solemn air.

"Master Christian," said he, "if the old woman wants you, take care! Her teeth are small, pointed, and of marvellous whiteness, and that is not natural at her age. She has an 'evil eye.' Children flee from her, and the people of Nuremberg call her 'Fledermause.'"

I admired the clear, sagacious intellect of the Jew, and his words gave me cause for reflection.

Several weeks passed away, during which I often encountered Fledermause without any alarming consequences. My fears were dissipated, and I thought of her no more.

But, an evening came, during which, while sleeping very soundly, I was awakened by a strange harmony. It was a kind of vibration, so sweet, so melodious, that the whispering of the breeze among the leaves can give but a faint idea of its charm.

For a long time I listened intently, with my eyes wide open, and holding my breath, so as not to lose a note. At last I looked toward the window, and saw two wings fluttering against the glass. I thought, at first, that it was a bat, caught in my room; but, the moon rising at that instant, I saw the wings of a magnificent butterfly of the night delineated upon her shining disk. Their vibrations were often so rapid, that they could not be distinguished; then they reposed, extended upon the glass, and their frail fibres were again brought to view.

This misty apparition, coming in the midst of the universal silence,

opened my heart to all sweet emotions. It seemed to me that an airy sylph, touched with a sense of my solitude, had come to visit me, and this idea melted me almost to tears.

"Be tranquil, sweet captive, be tranquil," said I; "your confidence shall not be abused. I will not keep you against your will. Return to heaven and to liberty." I then opened my little window. The night was calm, and millions of stars were glittering in the sky. For a moment, I contemplated this sublime spectacle, and words of prayer and praise came naturally to my lips; but, judge of my amazement, when, lowering my eyes, I saw a man hanging from the cross-beam of the sign of the Boeuf-Gras, the hair dishevelled, the arms stiff, the legs elongated to a point, and casting their gigantic shadows down to the street!

The immobility of this figure, under the moon's rays, was terrible. I felt my tongue freezing, my teeth clinched. I was about to cry out in terror, when, by some incomprehensible, mysterious attraction, my glance fell below, and I distinguished, confusedly, the old woman crouched at her window in the midst of dark shadows, and contemplating the dead man with an air of diabolic satisfaction.

Then I had a vertigo of terror. All my strength abandoned me, and, retreating to the wall of my loft, I sank down and became insensible.

I do not know how long this sleep of death continued. When restored to consciousness, I saw that it was broad day. The mists of the night had penetrated to my garret, and deposited their fresh dew upon my hair, and the confused murmurs of the street ascended to my little lodging. I looked without. The burgomaster and his secretary were stationed at the door of the inn, and remained there a long time; crowds of people came and went, and paused to look in; then recommenced their course. The good women of the neighborhood, who were sweeping before their doors, looked on from afar, and talked gravely with each other.

At last, a litter, and, upon this litter, a body, covered with a linen cloth, issued from the inn, carried by two men. They descended to the street, and the children, on their way to school, ran behind them.

All the people drew back as they advanced.

The window opposite was still open; the end of a rope floated from the cross-beam.

I had not dreamed. I had, indeed, seen the butterfly of the night; I had seen the man hanging, and I had seen Fledermause.

That day Toubac made me a visit, and, as his great nose appeared on a level with the floor, he exclaimed:

"Master Christian, have you nothing to sell?"

I did not hear him. I was seated upon my one chair, my hands clasped upon my knees, and my eyes fixed before me.

Toubac, surprised at my inattention, repeated, in a louder voice:

"Master Christian, Master Christian!" Then, striding over the sill, he advanced and struck me on the shoulder.

"Well, well, what is the matter now?"

"Ah, is that you, Toubac?"

"Eh, parbleu! I rather think so; are you ill?"

"No. I am only thinking."

"What in the devil are you thinking about?"

"Of the man who was hanged."

"Oh, oh!" cried the curiosity-vender. "You have seen him, then? The poor boy! What a singular history! The third in the same place."

"How—the third?"

"Ah, yes! I ought to have warned you; but it is not too late. There will certainly be a fourth, who will follow the example of the others. *Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coûte.*"

Saying this, Toubac took a seat on the corner of my trunk, struck his match-box, lighted his pipe, and blew three or four powerful whiffs of smoke, with a meditative air.

"My faith," said he, "I am not fearful; but, if I had full permission to pass the night in that chamber, I should much prefer to sleep elsewhere.

"Listen, Master Christian. Nine or ten months ago, a good man, of Tübingen, wholesale dealer in furs, dismounted at the Inn Boeuf-Gras. He called for supper; he ate well; he drank well; and was finally conducted to that room in the third story—it is called the Green Room. Well, the next morning he was found hanging to the cross-beam of the sign-board.

"Well, that might do for once; nothing could be said.

"Every proper investigation was made, and the stranger was buried at the bottom of the garden. But, look you, about six months afterward, a brave soldier from Neustadt arrived; he had received his final discharge, and was rejoicing in the thought of returning to his native village. During the whole evening, while emptying his wine-cups, he spoke fondly of his little cousin, who was waiting to marry him. At last, this big monsieur was conducted to his room—the Green Room—and, the same night, the watchman, passing down the street Minnesänger, perceived something hanging to the cross-beam; he raised his lantern, and lo! it was the soldier, with his final discharge in a bow on his left hip, and his hands gathered up to the seam of his pantaloons, as if on parade.

"Truth to say, this is extraordinary," cried the burgomaster; 'the devil's to pay.' Well, the chamber was much visited; the walls were replastered; and the dead man was sent to Neustadt.

"The registrar wrote this marginal note:

"Died of apoplexy."

"All Nuremberg was enraged against the innkeeper. There were many, indeed, who wished to force him to take down his iron cross-beam, under the pretext that it inspired people with dangerous ideas; but you may well believe that old Nichel Schmidt would not lend his ear to this proposition.

"This cross-beam," said he, 'was placed here by my grandfather; it has borne the sign of Boeuf-Gras for one hundred and fifty years, from father to son; it harms no one, not even the hay-wagons which pass beneath, for it is thirty feet above them. Those who don't like it can turn their heads aside, and not see it.'

"Well, gradually the town calmed down, and, during several months, no new event agitated it. Unhappily, a student of Heidelberg, returning to the university, stopped, day before yesterday, at the Inn Boeuf-Gras, and asked for lodging. He was the son of a minister of the Gospel.

"How could any one suppose that the son of a pastor could conceive the idea of hanging himself on the cross-beam of a sign-board, because a big monsieur and an old soldier had done so? We must admit, Master Christian, that the thing was not probable; these reasons would not have seemed sufficient to myself, or to you."

"Enough, enough!" I exclaimed; "this is too horrible! I see a frightful mystery involved in all this. It is not the cross-beam; it is not the room—"

"What! Do you suspect the innkeeper, the most honest man in the world, and belonging to one of the oldest families in Nuremberg?"

"No, no; may God preserve me from indulging in unjust suspicions! but there is an abyss before me, into which I scarcely dare glance."

"You are right," said Toubac, astonished at the violence of my excitement. "We will speak of other things. *A propos*, Master Christian, where is our landscape of 'Saint Odille'?"

This question brought me back to the world of realities. I showed the old man the painting I had just completed. The affair was soon concluded, and Toubac, well satisfied, descended the ladder, entreating me to think no more of the student of Heidelberg.

I would gladly have followed my good friend's counsel; but, when the devil once mixes himself up in our concerns, it is not easy to disengage ourselves of him.

In my solitary hours, all these events were reproduced with frightful distinctness in my mind.

"This old wretch," I said to myself, "is the cause of all; she alone has conceived these crimes, and has consummated them. But by what means? Has she had recourse to cunning alone, or has she obtained the intervention of invisible powers?" I walked to and fro in my retreat. An inward voice cried out: "It is not in vain that Providence permitted you to see Fledermause contemplating the agonies of her victim. It is not in vain that the soul of the poor young man came in the form of a butterfly of the night to awake you. No, no; all this was not accidental, Christian. The heavens impose upon you a terrible mission. If you do not accomplish it, tremble lest you fall yourself into the hands of the old murderer! Perhaps, at this moment, she is preparing her snares in the darkness."

During several days, these hideous images followed me without intermission. I lost my sleep; it was impossible for me to do any thing; my brush fell from my hand; and, horrible to confess, I found

myself sometimes gazing at the cross-beam with a sort of complacency. At last I could endure it no longer, and one evening I descended the ladder, and hid myself behind the door of Fledermause, hoping to surprise her fatal secret.

From that time, no day passed in which I was not *en route*, following the old wretch, watching, spying, never losing sight of her; but she was so cunning, had a scent so subtle, that, without even turning her head, she knew I was behind her.

However, she feigned not to perceive this; she went to the market, to the butcher's, like any good, simple woman, only hastening her steps, and murmuring confused words.

At the close of the month, I saw that it was impossible for me to attain my object in this way, and this conviction made me inexpressibly sad.

"What can I do?" I said to myself. "The old woman divines my plans; she is on her guard; every hope abandons me. Ah! old hag, you think you already see me at the end of your rope." I was continually asking myself this question: "What can I do? what can I do?" At last a luminous idea struck me. My chamber overlooked the house of Fledermause; but there was no window on this side. I adroitly raised a slate, and no pen could paint my joy when the whole ancient building was thus exposed to me. "At last, I have you!" I exclaimed; "you cannot escape me now; from here I can see all that passes—your goings, your comings, your arts and snares. You will not suspect this invisible eye—this watchful eye, which will surprise crime at the moment it blooms. Oh, Justice, Justice! She marches slowly; but she arrives."

Nothing could be more sinister than the den now spread out before me—a great court-yard, the large slabs of which were covered with moss; in one corner, a well, whose stagnant waters you shuddered to look upon; a stairway covered with old shells; at the farther end a gallery, with wooden balustrade, and hanging upon it some old linen and the tick of an old straw-mattress; on the first floor, to the left, the stone covering of a common sewer indicated the kitchen; to the right, the lofty windows of the building looked out upon the street; then a few pots of dried, withered flowers—all was cracked, sombre, moist. Only one or two hours during the day could the sun penetrate this loathsome spot; after that, the shadows took possession; then the sunshine fell upon the crazy walls, the worm-eaten balcony, the dull and tarnished glass, and upon the whirlwind of atoms floating in its golden rays, disturbed by no breath of air.

I had scarcely finished these observations and reflections, when the old woman entered, having just returned from market. I heard the grating of her heavy door. Then she appeared with her basket. She seemed fatigued—almost out of breath. The lace of her bonnet fell to her nose. With one hand she grasped the banister, and ascended the stairs.

The heat was intolerable, suffocating; it was precisely one of those days in which all insects—crickets, spiders, mosquitoes, etc.—make old ruins resound with their strange songs.

Fledermause crossed the gallery slowly, like an old ferret who feels at home. She remained more than a quarter of an hour in the kitchen, then returned, spread out her linen, took the broom, and brushed away some blades of straw on the floor. At last she raised her head, and turned her little green eyes in every direction, searching, investigating carefully.

Could she, by some strange intuition, suspect any thing? I do not know; but I gently lowered the slate, and gave up my watch for the day.

In the morning, Fledermause appeared reassured. One angle of light fell upon the gallery. In passing, she caught a fly on the wing, and presented it delicately to a spider established in a corner of the roof. This spider was so bloated, that, notwithstanding the distance, I saw it descend from round to round, then glide along a fine web, like a drop of venom, seize its prey from the hands of the old shrew, and remount rapidly. Fledermause looked at it very attentively, with her eyes half closed; then sneezed, and said to herself, in a jeering tone, "God bless you, beautiful one; God bless you!"

I watched during six weeks, and could discover nothing concerning the power of Fledermause. Sometimes, seated upon a stool, she peeled her potatoes, then hung out her linen upon the balustrade.

Sometimes I saw her spinning; but she never sang, as good, kind old women are accustomed to do, their trembling voices mingling well with the humming of the wheel.

Profound silence always reigned around her; she had no cat—that cherished society of old women—not even a sparrow came to rest under her roof. It seemed as if all animated Nature shrank from her glance. The bloated spider alone took delight in her society.

I cannot now conceive how my patience could endure those long hours of observation: nothing escaped me; nothing was matter of indifference. At the slightest sound I raised my slate; my curiosity was without limit, insatiable.

Toubac complained greatly.

"Master Christian," said he, "how in the devil do you pass your time? Formerly you painted something for me every week; now you do not finish a piece once a month. Oh, you painters! 'Lazy as a painter' is a good, wise proverb. As soon as you have a few *krentzers* in possession, you put your hands in your pockets and go to sleep!"

I confess that I began to lose courage—I had watched, spied, and discovered nothing. I said to myself that the old woman could not be so dangerous as I had supposed; that I had perhaps done her injustice by my suspicions; in short, I began to make excuses for her. One lovely afternoon, with my eye fixed at my post of observation, I abandoned myself to these benevolent reflections, when suddenly the scene changed: Fledermause passed through the gallery with the rapidity of lightning. She was no longer the same person; she was erect, her jaws were clinched, her glance fixed, her neck extended; she walked with grand strides, her gray locks floating behind her.

"Oh, at last," I said to myself, "something is coming, attention!" But alas, the shadows of evening descended upon the old building, the noises of the city expired, and silence prevailed.

Fatigued and disappointed, I lay down upon my bed, when, casting my eyes toward my dormer-window, I saw the room opposite illuminated. So! a traveller occupied the Green Room—fatal to strangers.

Now, all my fears were reawakened; the agitation of Fledermause was explained—she scented a new victim.

No sleep for me that night; the rustling of the straw, the nibbling of the mice under the floor, gave me nervous chills. I rose and leaned out of my window; I listened. The light in the room opposite was extinguished. In one of those moments of poignant anxiety, I cannot say if it was illusion or reality, I thought I saw the old wretch also watching and listening.

The night passed, and the gray dawn came to my windows; by degrees the noise and movements in the street ascended to my loft. Harassed by fatigue and emotion I fell asleep, but my slumber was short, and, by eight o'clock, I had resumed my post of observation.

It seemed as if the night had been as disturbed and tempestuous to Fledermause as to myself. When she opened the door of the gallery, I saw that a livid pallor covered her cheeks and thin throat; she had on only her chemise and a woollen skirt, a few locks of reddish-gray hair fell on her shoulders. She looked toward my hiding-place with a dreamy, abstracted air, but she saw nothing; she was thinking of other things.

Suddenly she descended, leaving her old shoes at the bottom of the steps. "Without doubt," thought I, "she is going to see if the door below is well fastened."

I saw her remount hastily, springing up three or four steps at a time—it was terrible.

She rushed into the neighboring chamber, and I heard something like the falling of the top of a great chest; then Fledermause appeared upon the gallery, dragging a manikin after her, and this manikin was clothed like the Heidelberg student.

With surprising dexterity, the old woman suspended this hideous object to a beam of the shed, then descended rapidly to the court-yard to contemplate it. A burst of sardonic laughter escaped from her lips; she remounted, then descended again like a maniac, and each time uttered new cries and new bursts of laughter.

A noise was heard near the door, and the old woman bounded forward, unhooked the manikin and carried it off; then, leaning over the balustrade with her throat elongated, her eyes flashing, she listened earnestly. The noise was lost in the distance, the muscles of her face relaxed, and she drew long breaths. It was only a carriage which had passed.

The old wretch had been frightened.

She now returned to the room, and I heard the chest close. This strange scene confounded all my ideas. What did this manikin signify? I became more than ever attentive.

Fledermausse now left the house with her basket on her arm. I followed her with my eyes till she turned the corner of the street. She had reassumed the air of a trembling old woman, took short steps, and from time to time turned her head partly around, to peer behind from the corner of her eye.

Fledermausse was absent fully five hours. For myself, I went, I came, I meditated. The time seemed insupportable. The sun heated the slate of the roof, and scorched my brain.

Now I saw, at the window, the good man who occupied the fatal Green Chamber; he was a brave peasant of Nassau, with a large three-cornered hat, a scarlet vest, and a laughing face; he smoked his pipe of Ulm tranquilly, and seemed to fear no evil.

I felt a strong desire to cry out to him: "Good man, be on your guard! Do not allow yourself to be entrapped by the old wretch; distrust yourself!" but he would not have comprehended me. Toward two o'clock, Fledermausse returned. The noise of her door resounded through the vestibule. Then alone, all alone, she entered the yard, and seated herself on the interior step of the stairway; she put down her basket before her, and drew out first some packets of herbs, then vegetables, then a red vest, then a three-cornered hat, a coat of brown velvet, pants of plush, and coarse woollen hose—the complete costume of the peasant from Nassau.

For a moment I felt stunned; then flames passed before my eyes.

I recollect those precipices which entice with an irresistible power; those wells or pits, which the police have been compelled to close, because men threw themselves into them; those trees which had been cut down because they inspired men with the idea of hanging themselves; that contagion of suicides, of robberies, of murders, at certain epochs, by desperate means; that strange and subtle enticement of example, which makes you yawn because another yawns, suffer because you see another suffer, kill yourself because you see others kill themselves—and my hair stood up with horror.

How could this Fledermausse, this base, sordid creature, have derived so profound a law of human nature? how had she found the means to use this law to the profit or indulgence of her sanguinary instincts? This I could not comprehend; it surpassed my wildest imaginations.

But reflecting longer upon this inexplicable mystery, I resolved to turn the fatal law against her, and to draw the old murderess into her own net.

So many innocent victims called out for vengeance!

I felt myself to be on the right path.

I went to all the old-clothes sellers in Nuremberg, and returned in the afternoon to the Inn Beuf-Gras, with an enormous packet under my arm.

Nichel Schmidt had known me for a long time; his wife was fat and good-looking; I had painted her portrait.

"Ah, Master Christian," said he, squeezing my hand, "what happy circumstance brings you here? What procures me the pleasure of seeing you?"

"My dear Monsieur Schmidt, I feel a vehement, insatiable desire to sleep in the Green Room."

We were standing on the threshold of the inn, and I pointed to the room. The good man looked at me distrustfully.

"Fear nothing," I said; "I have no desire to hang myself."

"*A la bonne heure! à la bonne heure!* For frankly that would give me pain; an artist of such merit! When do you wish the room, Master Christian?"

"This evening."

"Impossible! it is occupied!"

"Monsieur can enter immediately," said a voice just behind me, "I will not be in the way."

We turned around in great surprise; the peasant of Nassau stood before us, with his three-cornered hat, and his packet at the end of his walking-stick. He had just learned the history of his three predecessors in the Green Room, and was trembling with rage.

"Rooms, like yours!" cried he, stuttering; "but it is murderous to put people there—it is assassination! You deserve to be sent to the galleys immediately!"

"Go—go—calm yourself," said the innkeeper; "that did not prevent you from sleeping well."

"Happily, I said my prayers at night," said the peasant; "without that, where would I be, where would I be?" and he withdrew, with his hands raised to heaven.

"Well," said Nichel Schmidt, stupefied, "the room is vacant, but I entreat you do not serve me a bad trick."

"It would be a worse trick for myself than for you, monsieur."

I gave my packet to the servants, and installed myself for the time with the drinkers. For a long time I had not felt so calm and so happy. After so many doubts and inquietudes I touched the goal. The horizon seemed to clear up, and it appeared that some invisible power gave me the hand. I lighted my pipe, placed my elbow on the table, my wine before me, and listened to the chorus in "*Freischütz*," played by a troupe of gypsies from the Black Forest. The trumpets, the hue and cry of the chase, the hautboys, plunged me into a vague reverie, and, at times rousing up to look at the hour, I asked myself gravely, if all which *had* happened to me was not a dream. But the watchman came to ask us to leave the *salle*, and soon other and more solemn thoughts were surging in my soul, and in deep meditation I followed little Charlotte, who preceded me with a candle to my room.

We mounted the stairs to the third story. Charlotte gave me the candle, and pointed to the door.

"There," said she, and descended rapidly.

I opened the door. The Green Room was like any other inn-room. The ceiling was very low, the bed very high. With one glance, I explored the interior, and then glided to the window.

Nothing was to be seen in the house of Fledermausse; only, in some distant room, an obscure light was burning. Some one was on the watch. "That is well," said I, closing the curtain; "I have all necessary time."

I opened my packet, I put on a woman's bonnet, with hanging lace; then, placing myself before a mirror, I took a brush and painted wrinkles in my face. This took me nearly an hour. Then I put on the dress and a large shawl, and I was actually afraid of myself. Fledermausse seemed to me to look at me from the mirror.

At this moment, the watchman cried out, "Eleven o'clock!" I seized the manikin which I had brought in my packet, and muffled it in a costume precisely similar to that worn by the old wretch. I then opened the curtain.

Certainly, after all that I had seen of the Fledermausse, of her infernal cunning, her prudence, her adroitness, she could not in any way surprise me; and yet I was afraid. The light which I had remarked in the chamber was still immovable, and now cast its yellow rays on the manikin of the peasant of Nassau, which was crouched on the corner of the bed, with the head hanging on the breast, the three-cornered hat pulled down over the face, the arms suspended, and the whole aspect that of absolute despair.

The shadows, managed with diabolical art, allowed nothing to be seen but the general effect of the face. The red vest, and six round buttons alone, seemed to shine out in the darkness. But, the silence of the night, the complete immobility of the figure, the exhausted, mournful air, were well calculated to take possession of a spectator with a strange power. For myself, although forewarned, I was chilled, even to my bones.

How would it, then, have fared with the poor, simple peasant, if he had been surprised unawares? He would have been utterly cast down. Despairing, he would have lost all power of self-control, and the spirit of imitation would have done the rest.

Scarcely had I moved the curtain, when I saw Fledermausse on the watch behind her window. She could not see me. I opened my window softly; the window opposite was opened! Then, her manikin appeared to rise slowly and advance before me. I, also, advanced my manikin, and, seizing my torch with one hand, with the other I quickly opened the shutters. And now the old woman and myself were face to face. Struck with sudden terror, she had let her manikin fall!

We gazed at each other with almost equal horror. *She* extended her finger—I advanced *mine*. *She* moved her lips—I agitated *mine*. She breathed a profound sigh, and leaned upon her elbow. I imitated her.

To describe all the terrors of this scene would be impossible. It bordered upon confusion, madness, delirium. It was a death-struggle

between two wills; between two intelligences; between two souls—each one wishing to destroy the other; and, in this struggle, I had the advantage—her victims struggled with me.

After having imitated, for some seconds, every movement of Fledermause, I pulled a rope from under my skirt, and attached it to the cross-beam.

The old woman gazed at me with gaping mouth. I passed the rope around my neck; her pupils expanded, lightened; her face was convulsed.

"No, no!" said she, in a whistling voice.

I pursued her with the impassibility of an executioner.

Then rage seemed to take possession of her.

"Old fool!" she exclaimed, straightening herself up, and her hands contracted on the cross-beam. "Old fool!" I gave her no time to go on blowing out my lamp. I stooped, like a man about to make a vigorous spring, and, seizing my manikin, I passed the rope around its neck, and precipitated it below.

A terrible cry resounded through the street, and then silence, which I seemed to feel. Perspiration bathed my forehead. I listened a long time. At the end of a quarter of an hour, I heard, far away, very far away, the voice of the watchman, crying, "Inhabitants of Nuremberg, midnight, midnight sounds!"

"Now, justice is satisfied," I cried, "the three victims are avenged. Pardon me, O Lord!"

About five minutes after the cry of the watchman, I saw Fledermause attracted, allured by my manikin (her exact image), spring from the window, with a rope around her neck, and rest suspended from the cross-beam.

I saw the shudder of death undulating through her body, while the moon, calm, silent, majestic, inundated the summit of the roof, and her cold, pale rays reposed upon the old, dishevelled, hideous head.

Just as I had seen the poor young student of Heidelberg, just so did I now see Fledermause.

In the morning, all Nuremberg learned that the old wretch had hung herself, and this was the last event of that kind in the Street Minnesänger.

THE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION AT SALEM.

NOT the least among grateful things, in connection with the approaching meeting of the AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE, is the fact that it is to be held in one of the most interesting among the historic places of the Puritan Commonwealth. The seat of an institution taking rank among the first in generous enthusiasm in the cause of natural science, Salem will prove no less attractive to the members of the Association in certain particulars, to which we have thought it worth while to devote a page or two of the JOURNAL. Presuming that healthful recreation is in some wise identified with this summer gathering of scientific men from all parts of the country, we are without surprise that the invitation of the Essex Institute to the hospitalities of the venerable "City of Peace" should have been readily welcomed by the American Association. If, as we think, a true recreation is realized, less in mere rest from business and study than in some new direction of the mental uses, we are sure that pleasure and profit will attend upon the well-directed leisure of the members during their stay in Salem.

At the present writing we have before us copies of the *Salem Register* and *Salem Gazette*. We do not refer to these as archaeological curiosities, albeit, in the years of their existence, both outran generations. From their earliest day, thoughtful, vigorous, tasteful, and instructive; perhaps the best county-newspapers in the country; the connection of their present senior editors with their history, extending much beyond the average lifetime; one or the other paper the chosen channel for some of the best thoughts of Bentley, Story, Saltonstall, Merrill, White, Choate, Phillips, of the past; of Upham and others, of the present, no less identified with the scholarship and culture of old Essex County; sturdy champions

in the forefront in the sharp political contests of the first fifty years of the present century, both papers—in all things up to the living issues of the present—furnish occasion of marked interest to the student of local history. We can render no better service, perhaps, to the members of the American Association, than to commend them to the genial acquaintance and ready courtesies of the several editors of the *Register* and *Gazette*, in search of information incidental to the purposes of the meeting.

The *Salem Register*, first published, we think, about the commencement of the present century, incorporates with its heading a representation of the city seal. The *Gazette* modestly places in a corner of its first page the record of its own years. *One hundred and one years ago*, its first issue as a weekly paper began. Hawthorne, himself a native of Salem, once unwisely wrote of the rich flavors of the good dinners of fifty years ago, which, in the rubricity of a venerable custom-house official of the city, seemed still to linger about his lips. The graceful romancer might have found a less invidious theme in the suggestions of the city seal and the centuried history of the *Gazette*. As we to-day look upon the former, from our boyhood securing our semi-weekly admiration as it came pictured upon the first page of the *Register*, that strange, indescribable experience comes over us, which we imagine is the common heritage of a childhood associated with the old commercial towns of the New-England seaboard. How many who rank among the sterling men of this great metropolis know something of it! How many who would surrender very much that "places them among princes," rather than the memories of days when the microcosm of some gray old seaport upon the rough northeast coast, or of some sheltered valley among the everlasting hills of the New-England mountain States, was to them "all the world!" Portland, Portsmouth, Newburyport, Salem, Marblehead—many a man whose horizon for long years has been bounded only by the line of metropolitan traffic, amid all the cark and grind of business life, carries about within his heart of hearts the image of one charmed place, not photographed, but incorporated with his very being. To erase it were possibly to strike out from his life some of the holiest and most constraining motives to its own right conduct. And, ever and anon, with the grateful recognition, and among the best delights of such a man, there comes something in sight, in sound, in perfume, something incapable of analysis, and evanescent, yet greatly forceful in its alliance for reasserting the old sovereignty of the imagination; something to be counted among treasures, and ofttime mightiest in its sweet constraints when it brings back to the closing hours of venerable age the scenes and friendships of a far, far-off childhood and youth.

We are verifying much of this while we write. The city seal of Salem, how it takes us again into our world of years ago! What an epitome it is of the really grand history of the stately old city! Wreathed about with branched spicery, emblematic of the rich freightage of commercial prosperity, is the record of the original settlement—"Salem condita. A. D. 1626." On the face of the shield stands a Chinese figure; the graceful palm, on the one hand; on the other, a ship voyaging homeward; as a crest, the dove bearing the olive-branch; and, encircling all, the motto of the city in graceful Latinity. Turning from the seal, we place our hand upon the copy of the *Gazette* before us. About five-twelfths of nearly two and a half centuries are represented in the history of this more than centenarian of the press! And what a history thus bounded by the date (1626) of the seal, and that of this last issue of the *Gazette* (1869)! We cannot enter upon it. What a history, even confining the remark to the single locality of Salem itself! Hither—but a few months after Charles I., with the light-hearted Henrietta of France, a youthful bride, passed up the Thames to the royal palace of Whitehall—came the sturdy adventurers from England, founding, in the Naumkeag of the aborigines, the original town of Salem. During the interval,

up through the Protectorate, the reigns of Charles II., James II., to that of William and Mary, when the appalling shadow of the mysterious witchcraft delusion fell upon its social well-being, Salem occupies a large place in the annals of the New-England settlements. Hither came Hugh Peters and Roger Williams, both ministers for a time in the venerable First Parish. Here lived the Endicotts, the Winthrops, the Higginsons, the Saltonstalls, and others distinguished in character and social position among the marked families of the country. Here and there, surrounded by the stately mansions of a later day, still stands, "preserved with pious care," many a relic of the past centuries. "Beautiful for situation," almost under the shadow of the metropolis of Massachusetts, and yet, at certain periods, its more than rival in commercial distinction and high-toned culture—the blue sea, stretching up to the embrace of its welcoming peninsula, between the wooded slopes of the Beverly shore and the picturesque crag-line of Marblehead; the expanse of its harbor, gemmed with green islets, and dotted yet with the sails of a considerable commerce; its venerable warehouses and grass-grown wharves, sadly suggestive of the days when a hardy enterprise enabled it to inscribe upon its municipal signet, "Divitis Indie usque ad ultimum sinum;" to-day, in busy manufacturing industries and commercial interests, radiating to the great centres of trade, "the peer of itself," when its ships whitened the seas of the Orient—"the old city by the sea" husbands varied attractions for its visitors of the American Association, which must largely enhance the interest of the coming meeting in Salem.

It may be to the service of the American Association, if as compactly as possible we point out some of the objects of varied interest, possibly unfamiliar to most of those from abroad who will attend upon the session. Passing over the Eastern Railroad, in almost continuous sight of the ocean—looking out upon the headlands of Nahant with their many villas; skirting the beautiful bay and watering-place of Swampscott, nestling under the elevated lands of East Lynn, and unsurpassed, we think, by any upon the Channel lines of England—the traveller sees the spires of Salem rising gracefully beyond the sea-arm which forms its southern boundary. Leaving the commodious station, the broad business-thoroughfare of Washington Street, upon which are the Club House, the Oriental Building, the City Hall, and other public edifices, leads the visitor to Essex Street, the chief avenue of business, and with its connections extending throughout the entire length of the city. Probably his attention will be first directed to the finely-proportioned building, once the East-India Museum, and now, by the purchase and gift of George Peabody, in possession of the Essex Institute. On his way thither, he has passed the sites of the First Church and the famous Derby Mansion, and possibly taken his quarters at the "Essex House," once the elegant dwelling of the distinguished merchant and lieutenant-governor, William Gray. Beyond the museum, on both sides of Essex Street, elegant structures attract the attention. Here are the fine mansions of the Peabody, Daland, Brookhouse, and Pingree families—the last the scene of the famous White murder. Among these stands the beautifully-proportioned Plummer Building and Athenæum, with its noble library and cabinets. In the rear of this, and on the Athenæum grounds, the visitor looks upon a venerable building, restored at the hands of the late Francis Peabody, Esq., and doubtless the original "First Church" of the colonists. Still farther on, he enters the beautiful Common, surrounded by dwellings formerly the stately residences of the men who rendered "Orient and the Ind" tributary to their far-reaching enterprise. Diverging from the Common through Winter Street, on the one hand the broad avenue of Bridge Street extends to the Essex Bridge and the ancient town of Beverly; on the other, by a slight curve, Essex Street stretches eastwardly to the "Neck," from the uplands of which delightful views may be obtained of the harbor, Forts Pickering and Lee, Marblehead, and the islands, together with

the enchanting coast-line of Manchester and Cape Ann. Returning by Derby Street, the eye ranges up the inlet of the Forest River—on the right, the great twin cotton-mills of the justly-celebrated Naumkeag Company looming up beyond the old line of docks and wharves. Near by, is the spot where was built the frigate *Essex*, so distinguished, under the command of the gallant Porter, in the annals of the Navy. Turning from Derby to Charter Street, the ancient burying-place of the colonists comes to view. Here, in "sure and certain hope," rest the remains of Higginson, the wise, learned, and loving preacher of his time, and of Simon Bradstreet, the stalwart and bold yet gentle and genial governor, for whose portrait, with many another in the Athenæum, with Cowper, we can

"Bless the art that can immortalize—
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it."

The antiquary, if such there be among the members of the American Association, will certainly count a visit to this old cemetery of the Puritans a grateful reminiscence of his stay in Salem. *En passant*, we may commend him to three, at least, of the officers of the Essex Institute—Dr. Henry Wheatland, the devoted and learned president of the institute, William P. Upham, Esq., one of its curators in history, and A. C. Goodell, Esq.,—to each of whom archæology and science are indebted for an unflinching zeal in their interests, and fruitful contributions to their treasures.

When we began this article, we thought it an easy thing to lay out a programme of "things worth seeing" in Salem, for the leisure hours of the members of the association. We have found it a very difficult thing. The very excess of material has proved our chief trouble. See what remains, and you will be content to look for yourself—at any rate, to bespeak the courtesies of our excellent friends to whom we have commended you. Here is the County Court-house, where that respected and courteous gentleman "of many friends," the Hon. Mr. Huntington, will show you the original papers, the warrants of execution—nay, the *pins*, connected with the witchcraft trials. If you are so fortunate as to secure his company, we envy you your walk to the Curwen House, the scene of the trials. Close by the latter is the site, if we mistake not, of Hawthorne's "House with Seven Gables," and but a few rods below, at the bridge crossing the North River, the scene of the retreat of the British Colonel Leslie and his troops, when resisted by the citizens in his attempt to destroy stores and ammunition in the outset of the Revolution. Passing up Summer Street, you approach the buildings of the State Normal School, the High and other schools, and, just beyond, the former residence of Timothy Pickering, of Revolutionary and civil fame—itsself one of the best specimens of the old-English town-dwelling house to be found in the country. Turn from Broad Street to Chestnut, and the eye ranges through a vista of noble over-arching elms, gracing the dwellings of wealthy residents, up almost to the very foot of "Gallows Hill," upon which took place the execution of the victims of the witchcraft delusion, and where many of them were buried. All about you, in the parallel and cross streets, are the relics of olden time, scattered up and down among the neat structures of a later day. If you choose to drive beyond the city limits in the neighboring town of Danvers, and amid "green fields and fertile meads," which Warwickshire might envy, and suggestive of many and many a genuine English landscape, you may see the noble old "Collins House," now the seat of the elegant hospitality of Francis Peabody, Esq., and formerly the country residence of General Gage. The best specimen, perhaps, in the country, of the English manor-home, stately, with ancestral trees and ample surroundings, is before you. Around this stately and most striking relic of the colonial days, during General Gage's occupancy, were frequently encamped detachments from the Coldstream and Grenadier Guards, then on service in the colonies. A little beyond stands the Parris House, the former parson-

age of him to whose base part in the persecutions of the innocent and feeble, during the tragedies of the latter portion of the seventeenth century, the admirable annalist Upham has done impartial justice. Beyond this, a mile or two to the westward, the venerable farm-house, the birthplace of General Israel Putnam, is to be seen. If you would vary your return to Salem, skirt the limits of beautiful Wenham, with its rich farms and exquisite lake; go, if you can, a mile or two beyond, to the picturesque hamlet of Hamilton, once the residence of Cutler, one of the earliest and most accurate scientists of the land; drive along the lanes of Royalside, and breathe in the fragrance of the woods of Beverly and Manchester—you may traverse three thousand miles of ocean, and admire the cultivation and scenery of the agricultural and historic counties of England—

"Travel through all European climes by land and sea"—

and yet among these scenes, invested alike by Nature and historic association with a character dear to every New-Englander at least, find that which in all the elements of a genuine romance matches many of the sought shrines of a European tour. If the American Association shall realize as great pleasure in visiting these and other interesting localities in and about Salem as we have experienced in calling them up to cherished and fond remembrance, we shall have found ample reward for whatever of time and pains has been bestowed upon our effort for rendering its session in Salem instructive and satisfactory.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS;* OR, BY THE KING'S COMMAND.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

BOOK IX.—IN RUIN.

I.

EXCESS OF MISERY IS REACHED THROUGH EXCESS OF GRANDEUR.

As one o'clock in the morning was sounding at St. Paul's, a man, who had just crossed London bridge, entered into the lanes of Southwark. There were no lamps alight, the custom being then, in London as in Paris, to put out the public lights at midnight—that is to say, to suppress the lanterns at the moment when they became necessary. The streets, being dark, were deserted. No lamps—that makes few passers-by. The man walked rapidly. He was strangely dressed, for perambulating the streets at such an hour. He had an embroidered silk coat, a sword at his side, a hat with white plumes, and no cloak. The watchmen, who saw him go by, said, "There's a lord, who has laid a wager." And they stood out of his way, with the respect due to a lord and to a bet.

This man was Gwynplaine.

He had taken flight.

How was it with him? He did not know. The soul, as we have remarked, has its cyclones, its fearful gyrations, in which all is commingled—sky, sea, day, night, life, death—in a sort of unintelligible horror. You can no longer breathe what is real. You are overwhelmed by things in which you have no faith. Nothingness is transformed into a hurricane. The firmament has turned wan. The infinite is void. The absent is present. You feel that you are dying. You crave for a star. What did Gwynplaine experience?—a thirst to see Dea.

He felt nothing, save this alone. To regain the Green-Box, and the Tadcaster Inn, with its noise and its light and the good hearty laugh of the people; to find Ursus again and Homo; to see Dea again; to reënter into life!

Disillusions unbend themselves like the bow, with sinister force, and launch the arrow, man, at what is true. Gwynplaine

was in haste. He drew near the Tarrinzeau-Field. He walked no longer; he ran. His eyes plunged into the darkness in advance. He sent out his look before him—the look yearning for a port on the horizon. What a moment, when he was on the point of seeing the lighted-up windows of the Tadcaster Inn!

He came out upon the bowling-green. He turned a corner of a wall, and had in face of him, at the other end of the meadow and at some distance, the inn, which, it will be remembered, was the only house upon the fair-ground.

He looked. No light. A black mass.

He shuddered. Then he said to himself that it was late, that the tavern was closed, that it was all plain enough, that they were asleep, that he had only to wake up Nicless or Govicum, that he must proceed to the inn, and knock at the door. And he went. He did not run to it. He precipitated himself upon it.

He reached the inn, entirely out of breath. You are full of anguish, you are struggling in the soul's invisible convulsions, you know no longer whether you be dead or alive—and you have, for those whom you love, all sorts of delicate scruples; it is hereby that true hearts are recognized. In the general engulphment, tenderness rises to the surface. Not to wake Dea abruptly was Gwynplaine's immediate heed.

He approached the inn, making the least possible noise. He knew the hole, old kennel of the watch-dog, where Govicum slept; this hole, adjoining the low-pitched room, had a small window looking out on to the bowling-green. Gwynplaine scratched softly on the pane. It would be sufficient to wake Govicum.

There was no movement in Govicum's bedroom. At his age, said Gwynplaine to himself, sleep is sound. He tapped lightly, with the back of his hand, upon the window. Nothing stirred.

He struck more sharply, and two knocks. No one budged in the dog-hole. Then, with a slight shudder, he went to the door of the inn, and thumped.

No one answered.

He thought, not without the beginning of a deadly chill:—Master Nicless is old; children sleep soundly, and old men heavily. Come! harder still!

He had scratched. He had knocked. He had thumped. He thundered. This brought back to him, from a distance, the recollection of Weymouth, when he, being little, had Dea, also little, in his arms.

He thundered violently, like a lord. Alas! he was one.

The house remained silent.

He felt that he was becoming distracted.

He no longer kept within bounds. He shouted:—Nicless! Govicum!

At the same time, he looked up at the windows, to see if any candle were alight.

Nothing in the inn. Not a voice. Not a noise. Not a light.

He went to the main entrance gate, and thundered on it, and pushed it, and shook it madly, crying out:—Ursus! Homo!

The wolf did not howl.

A cold sweat stood in beads on his brow.

He threw his eyes around him. The night was thick; but there were stars enough to make the fair-ground distinct. He saw one thing lugubrious—the vanishing of every thing. There was not a single booth remaining on the green. The circus was no longer there. Not a tent. Not a trestle. Not a caravan. The vagabondage, with its thousand noises, that had swarmed there had given place to an indescribable blackness, savage and void. All had gone away.

A maddening anxiety seized upon him. What was the meaning of this? What, then, had happened? Was there no longer any one? Was it that his life had fallen into pieces behind him? What had been done with them, with all? Ah! good God! He threw himself, like a tempest, on the house.

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York.

Furious with fright and agony, he struck with fist and foot upon the side-door, upon the main gate, upon the windows, upon the shutters, upon the walls. He called Nicless, Govicum, Fibi, Vinos, Ursus, Homo. All exclamations, all noises, he hurled them against this enclosure. At intervals, he paused and listened; the house remained dumb and dead. Then, exasperated, he began again. Shocks, knockings, cries, the rattle of successive blows, made echoes around. It might have been said, that thunder was essaying to waken the tomb.

A man becomes terrible, under the influence of a certain degree of afright. He, who is afraid of every thing, is no longer afraid of any thing. He kicks the sphinx. He abuses the infinite. Gwynplaine renewed all this tumult under every possible form, stopping, going on again, inexhaustible in his cries and callings, as he stormed this tragic silence.

He called, a hundred times, upon all those who might have been there; shouted all the names, with the exception of Dea's. Precaution, scarcely known to himself, but whereof he still had the instinct in his frenzy.

Cries and calls being spent, there remained escalation. The house must be entered. But how? He broke a window-pane in Govicum's den, thrust in his wrist, tearing his flesh, drew back the bolt of the sash-work, and opened the little window. He perceived that his sword would be in his way; he snatched at it angrily, sheath, blade, and belt, and threw it down on the pavement. Then he raised himself up by the projections of the wall, and, though the window was narrow, could pass through it. He penetrated into the inn.

Govicum's bed, dimly visible, was in the dog-hole; but Govicum was not there. For Govicum not to be in his bed, it must needs be that Nicless was not in his own. All the house was in darkness. In this gloomy interior, the mysterious immobility of emptiness might be felt, and that vague horror which signifies: There is no one here.—Gwynplaine convulsively traversed the drinking-room, knocked upon the tables, trampled the plates and dishes under foot, turned the benches over, upset the jugs, strode over the furniture, and went to the door that opened into the court-yard, and broke it in by pressure of his knee that sent the latch flying. The door turned on its hinges. He looked into the yard. The Green-Box was no longer there.

II.

SETTLING-UP.

GWYNPLAINE left the house, and set himself to exploring the Tarrinzeau-Field in every direction. He went all around, wherever, the evening before, a trestle, a tent, or a hut was seen. There was no longer any thing. He knocked at the stalls, though well knowing that they were not inhabited. He beat upon every thing that resembled window or door. Not a voice came forth from this obscurity. Something like death had come that way.

The ant-hill had been crushed. Palpably, the police had been at work there. There had been what, in our day, would be called a razzia. The Tarrinzeau-Field was more than deserted; it was desolated, and in every nook the scratching of a ferocious talon might be perceived. They had, so to say, turned inside out the pockets of this miserable fair, and cleaned them out. Gwynplaine, after having ferreted everywhere, left the bowling-green, entered the winding streets at the end called the East Point, and turned his steps toward the Thames.

He traversed several zigzags of this net-work of lanes, where was nothing but walls and hedges; then he felt in the air the freshness of the water; he heard the dull gliding of the stream; and suddenly found himself before a parapet. It was the parapet of the Effroc-stone.

This parapet bordered a portion of the quay, very short and very narrow. Below the parapet, the lofty wall of the Effroc-stone ran down perpendicularly into the dark water.

Gwynplaine made a halt at this parapet, leaned his elbow on it, took his head between his hands, and set himself to ruminating, having that water beneath him.

Was he looking at the water? No. At what was he looking? At the shade. Not at the shade around and outside of him, but at the shade within him.

In the melancholy night-landscape whereto he paid no heed, in that external obscurity whereinto his look did not penetrate, the outlines of masts and yards might be distinguished. Below the Effroc-stone there was the stream only; but the quay down the river sloped gradually lower, and ended, at some distance, in a bank, alongside of which were several small craft, some having arrived and others being about to sail. These communicated with the land by little jetties of stone or wood, to which they were moored, or by gangways of plank. These vessels, some made fast, the others at anchor, were without movement. Not a step nor a voice was heard, inasmuch as it is the sailor's wise habit to sleep as much as he possibly can, and only to get up to work. If any one of these vessels was to start at high water, no one on board was yet awake. Scarcely discernible were the hulls—black blisters—and the rigging made up of threads commingled with ladders. It was confused and livid. Here and there a red lantern punctured the mist.

Gwynplaine saw nothing of all this. Destiny was what he was considering.

He was dreaming—a visionary distracted before inexorable reality.

He seemed to hear behind him something resembling an earthquake. It was the laughter of the lords.

From this laugh he had just escaped. He had escaped from it, smitten in the face.

Smitten by whom?

By his brother.

And in escaping from this laughter, with this buffet on him, taking refuge, wounded bird, in his nest—flying from hate, and in search of love—what had he found?

Darkness.

No one.

Every thing disappeared.

He compared this darkness to the dream that he had had.

What a downfall!

Gwynplaine had reached that sinister verge—empty space. The Green-Box removed was the universe vanished out of sight.

A closing-up of his soul had taken place.

What could have happened? Where were they? They had evidently been carried off. His destiny had come upon him, Gwynplaine, in one blow—grandeur; and upon them in a rebounding blow—annihilation. It was clear that he would never see them again. Precautions had been taken to this end. And at the same time violent hands had been laid upon all that inhabited the fair-ground, so that no tidings might reach him. Inexorable dispersion. That fearful social force, while pulverizing him in the Chamber of Peers, had ground them to powder in their poor cabin. They were lost. Dea was lost. Lost for him. Forever. Powers of Heaven! where was she? And he had not been there to defend her!

Forming conjectures as to the absent, whom we love, is to put ourselves upon the rack. He inflicted this torture on himself. At each corner into which he plunged, at each supposition that he made, there was a gloomy inward groan.

Athwart a succession of poignant ideas, he called to mind a man evidently ominous, who had told him that his name was Barkilphedro. This man had inscribed upon his brain something obscure, that now reappeared to him; and it had been written in an ink so horrible, that now it was in letters of fire. In the depth of his imagination, Gwynplaine saw these enigmatical words, now made plain, flaming up:—Destiny does not open one door, without closing another.

All was consummated. The last shadows were upon him.

Every man may have, in his destiny, his own peculiar ending of the world. This is termed despair. The soul is full of falling stars.

Observe just what his position was.

A cloud of vapor had passed by. He had been mixed up with this vapor. It had thickened over his eyes; it had entered into his brain. He had been, externally, blinded; internally, intoxicated. This had lasted so long as a cloud is in passing. Then all was dissipated—the vapor, and his life. Awakened from this dream, he found himself again alone.

All vanished away. All gone. All lost. Night. Nothing. Such was his horizon.

He was alone.

"Alone" has its synonyme: "dead."

Despair is an accountant. He keeps his books in order. Nothing escapes him. He sums up every thing; he does not pass over the smallest coin. He reproaches God with the thunder-claps and the pin-pricks. He desires to make up his mind as to destiny. He reasons, weighs, calculates.

Gloomy external chill, beneath which the burning lava continues to run.

Gwynplaine examined himself, and examined Fate.

The backward survey is a fearful summing up.

When at the top of the mountain, we look at the precipices. When we have fallen to the foot, we look at the sky.

And we say: I was there!

Gwynplaine was at the lowest depth of wretchedness. And how quickly it had come upon him! Hideous promptitude of ill fortune! It is so heavy, that we believed it slow. By no means. It seems as though the snow, being cold, ought to share the paralysis of winter, and, being white, the immobility of the winding-sheet. To all this the avalanche gives the lie.

The avalanche is snow converted into a furnace. It remains congealed, yet it devours. The avalanche had enwrapped Gwynplaine. He had been torn off like a rag, uprooted like a tree, hurled like a stone.

He went over the incidents of his fall. He put questions to himself, and answered them. Grief is an interrogatory. No judge is so minutely particular, as the conscience in examining its own report.

In his despair, how much was there of remorse!

He desired to clear up this point with himself, and anatomized his conscience—mournful vivisection!

His absence had caused a catastrophe. Had this absence depended on himself? In all that had just taken place, had he been a free agent? No. He had felt himself a prisoner. What was it that had arrested and detained him? A prison? No. A chain? No. What, then, was it? He had been glued fast in greatness.

To whom has it not happened, to be free in appearance, and to feel that his wings are hampered?

There had been something like a trap laid. What was temptation at first, ended by being captivity.

Nevertheless—and upon this point his conscience was not easy—had he simply submitted to what had offered itself? No. He had accepted it.

It was true enough, that violence and surprise, in a certain degree, had been employed upon him; but he, on his part, in a certain degree, had let matters take their course. It was not his fault that he had allowed himself to be carried off; it had been of his own weakness that he had allowed himself to become intoxicated. There had been a moment, a decisive moment, when the question had been put to him; this Barkilphedro had brought him face to face with a dilemma, and had distinctly given Gwynplaine the opportunity of determining his fate by a word. Gwynplaine might have said "no." He had said "yes."

From this "yes," uttered while in a state of giddiness, every thing had followed. Gwynplaine comprehended this. Bitter after-taste of acquiescence.

Still—for he debated within himself—was it, then, so grievous an error to reënter upon his rights, upon his patrimony, upon his heritage, into his house, and, being patrician, upon the rank of his ancestors, and, being an orphan, upon his father's name? What had he accepted? A restitution. Made by whom? By Providence.

Then a reaction came over him. How stupid an acceptance! What a bargain he had made! How foolish an exchange! He had negotiated at a loss with this providence! What! to have two millions of revenue, to have seven or eight lordships, to have ten or a dozen palaces, to have town-houses and country-seats, to have a hundred lackeys, and packs of hounds, and carriages, and armorial bearings, to be judge and legislator, to be coroneted and robed in purple like a king, to be baron and marquis, to be peer of England—he had given Ursus's booth and Dea's smile! For immensity, in which a man is swallowed up and shipwrecked, he had given happiness! For the ocean, he had given the pearl! O madman! O fool! O dupe!

But notwithstanding—and here the objection came again upon a solid footing—in this fever of high fortune that had seized him, all had not been unwholesome. Perchance there might have been egotism in renouncing; perchance the acceptance was a duty. Abruptly transformed into a lord, what ought he to have done? Complication of events brings about perplexity of mind. This is what happened to him. Duty giving its orders in inverted sense, duty on all sides at once, duty complex and well-nigh contradictory—this bug-bear had been upon him. It was this bugbear that had paralyzed him, notably on the passage from Corleone Lodge to the Chamber of Peers, which he had not opposed. What in life is called mounting up, is the transition from a simple to a disquieting itinerary. Where, henceforth, is the direct line? Toward whom is the first duty? Is it toward our neighbors? Is it toward the human race? Do we not pass from the small family to the large? We mount up, and we feel a burden on our probity that grows heavier. The higher up, the greater the obligation. The breaking-out of light makes the duty greater. We have the pressure on us, perhaps the illusion of several pathways offering themselves at the same time, and at the entrance of each of which we imagine that we see the indicating finger of conscience. Where to go? to issue forth? to remain? to advance? to fall back? What to do? It is strange that duty should have places where its cross-roads meet. Responsibility may be a labyrinth.

And, when a man is possessed by one idea, when he is the incarnation of a fact, when he is symbolic man, and at the same time man in the flesh and in the bones, is not responsibility more irksome still? Thence the anxious docility and the mute anxiety of Gwynplaine; thence his obedience to the summons to take his seat. The thoughtful man is often the passive man. It had seemed to him, that he heard even the injunction of duty. Was not this entry into a place, where oppression might be discussed and combated, the realization of one of his profoundest aspirations? When speech was given to him—to him the formidable social sample, to him the living specimen of the good pleasure under which for six thousand years the human race has had its death-rattle—had he the right to refuse it? Had he the right to remove his head from beneath the tongue of fire falling from on high, and coming to settle itself upon him?

In the hidden and giddy pleadings of conscience, what had he said to himself? this:—The people are silence. I shall be the mighty advocate of this silence. I will speak for the dumb. I will speak of the small to the great, and of the feeble to the strong. That is the aim of my fate. God wills what He wills, and He accomplishes it. Certes it is surprising that that gourd of that Hardquanonne, wherein was the metamorphosis of Gwynplaine into Lord Blanchardie, should have floated for fifteen years upon the waves, in the billows, in the surf, in the squalls, and that all this turmoil should have wrought it no harm.

I see wherefore. There are secret destinies; I hold the key of mine; and I open my enigma. I am predestined. I have a mission. I shall be the lord of the poor. I shall speak for all the despairing silent ones. I shall interpret this stammering. I shall interpret the grumbings, the howlings, the murmurs, the tumult of crowds, the complaints ill pronounced, the unintelligible voices, and all these cries of beasts, that through ignorance and through suffering man is forced to utter. The noise of men is inarticulate, as the noise of the wind; they cry out. But they are not understood; and there is crying equivalent to holding their peace, and holding their peace is their disarming. Compulsory disarming, that calls for succor. I will be the succor. I will be the denunciation. I will be the Word of the people. Thanks to me, there shall be an understanding. I will be the bleeding mouth, whence the gag is snatched out. I will say every thing. It will be grand—

Yes, to speak for the dumb is fine; but to speak to the deaf is saddening! That way was the second part of his wandering.

Alas! he had miscarried.

He had miscarried irremediably.

This elevation in which he had put faith, this lofty fortune, this likelihood, had sunk away beneath him.

What a fall, to tumble into the spume of laughter!

He thought himself strong, he who, during so many years, had floated, regardless soul, amid the vast outspread of sufferings; he was bringing back a lamentable cry from all this gloom. He had just been stranded on that colossal reef, the frivolousness of the happy. He thought himself an avenger; he was a clown. He thought to thunder; he had tickled. In place of emotion, he had resped mockery. He had sobbed; and merriment had ensued. Under this merriment, he had gone to the bottom. Funereal engulfment!

And at what had they laughed? At his laugh.

Thus, this execrable violence whereof the trace was on him for evermore, this mutilation become mirth in perpetuity, this stigmatic grin, image of the supposititious contentment of nations under their oppressors, this mask of joy manufactured by torture, this depth of grimace imprinted on his visage, this cleft significant of *juau regis*, this verification of outrage committed by the king upon him, symbol of outrage committed by royalty upon the whole people—this it was that triumphed over him, this it was that overwhelmed him; it was accusation against the executioner turned into sentence upon the victim! Prodigious denial of justice! Royalty, after having disposed of his father, had disposed of him. The evil, that had been done, served as pretext and motive for the evil that remained to be done. Against whom were the lords indignant? Against the torturer? No. Against the one who was tortured. Here, the throne; there, the people. Here, James II.; there, Gwynplaine. Assuredly, this confrontation brought to light a wicked attempt, and a crime. What was the wicked attempt? Complaining. What was the crime? Suffering. Let misery hide itself and be silent; if not, it is high-treason. And these men, who had dragged Gwynplaine upon the hurdle of sarcasm, were they wicked? No; but they had, they too, their fatality—they were fortunate. They were executioners, without knowing it. They were in good-humor. They had found Gwynplaine useless. He had laid open his belly, he had drawn out his liver and his heart, he had laid bare his entrails—and they had cried to him: "Play your farce!" Heart-breaking fact, he himself had laughed! A fearful chain bound in his soul, and prevented his thought from mounting upward to his countenance. The disfiguration reached to his mind, and, while his conscience was indignant, his face gave it the lie, and grinned. All was ended. He was the Man Who Laughs, Caryatid of the world that weeps. He was anguish petrified into hilarity, bearing the weight of a universe of woe, and walled forever in merriment, in irony, in others' entertainment. He shared, with all the oppressed of whom he was the incarnation, the abomin-

able fatality of being a desolation not taken seriously; his distress was matter for sport; he was an indescribable and enormous buffoon coming out from a terrific condensation of adversity, escaped from his convict-bagnio, past-divinity, elevated from the dregs of the populace to the foot of the throne, mingled with constellations; and, after having enlivened the lost, he enlivened the elect. All that he had in him of generosity, of enthusiasm, of eloquence, of heart, of soul, of fury, of anger, of love, of inexpressible grief, ended in this—a peal of laughter. And he verified, as he had said to the lords, that his case was not an exception; that it was the normal fact, common, universal, the vast sovereign fact, so amalgamated with the routine of living, that it was scarcely perceived any more. The starveling laughs; the beggar laughs; the convict laughs; the orphan, to gain his livelihood, laughs; the slave laughs; the soldier laughs; the people laugh. Human society is compounded in such fashion, that all perditions, all indigences, all catastrophes, all fevers, all ulcers, all agonies, resolve themselves, above the bottomless pit, into a terrific grimace of joy. He himself was this totality of grimace; it was he. The law from on high, the unknown power that governs, had willed that a visible and palpable spectre, a spectre of blood and bone, should sum up in itself the monstrous parody that we call the world; he was that spectre.

Destiny without cure.

He had cried:—Mercy for the sufferers.—In vain.

He had desired to awaken pity; he had awakened horror. That is the law for spectral apparitions.

At the same time as spectre, he was man. Therein was the poignant complication. Spectre without, man within. Man, more than any others perhaps, for in his double lot all mortality was summed up. And, whilst he had humanity within him, he was sensible of it beyond him.

There was in his existence something insuperable. What was he? A disinherited man? No; for he was a lord. What was he? A lord? No; for he was a rebel. He was the light-bearer; terrible kill-joy. He was not Satan, assuredly; but he was Lucifer. He came sinister, torch in hand.

Sinister for whom? For the sinister. Dreadful to whom? To the dreaded. Therefore they rejected him. Take place among them? Be accepted? Never. The obstacle that he bore upon his face was fearful; but the obstacle that was in his ideas was more insurmountable still. His speech had appeared more deformed than his countenance. He thought no thought that was possible in this world of the great and the powerful, wherein one fatality had given him birth, and wherefrom another fatality had made him emerge. There was a mask between mankind and his face, and a wall between society and his mind. In mingling, from his infancy—wandering mountebank—with the vast centre of vivacity and robustness that is termed the crowd, in saturating himself with the magnetism of the multitude, in impregnating himself with the immense human soul, he had lost, in the common sense of all the world, the special appreciation of the ruling classes. High up, it was impossible. He came, all dripping from the water of the well of truth. He had upon him the fetid odor of the abyss. He was repugnant to these princes, perfumed with lies. To him, who lives upon fiction, truth is poisonous. He, who is athirst for flattery, vomits up the real, imbibed by surprise. What he, Gwynplaine, brought, was not presentable. What was it?—reason, wisdom, justice. It was rejected with disgust.

Bishops were there. To them he brought God. What was this intrusion?

The opposite poles recoil from each other. No amalgamation possible. There is lack of transition. This formidable meeting of opposites had been seen, having no other result than a cry of anger—all misery concentrated in one man, face to face with all pride concentrated in one caste.

To accuse is useless. To establish is sufficient. Gwynplaine, in this meditation on the verge of his destiny, estab-

lished the thorough uselessness of his effort. He established the deafness of high places. The privileged have no ear toward the disinherited. Is it the fault of the privileged? No. It is their law, alas! Forgive them! To feel emotion would be to abdicate. Where lords and princes are, nothing must be expected. Inexorable is he, who is satisfied. For the well-filled, the starving have no existence. The fortunate are in ignorance, and hold aloof. On the threshold of their paradise, as on the threshold of hell, must be written:—"Leave behind every hope!"

Gwynplaine had met with the reception of a spectre, entering the abode of the gods.

Hereupon, all that he had in him rose up. No; he was not a spectre—he was a man. He had told them, he had cried it to them, he was Man.

He was not a phantom. He had palpitating flesh. He had a brain, and he thought; he had a heart, and he loved; he had a soul, and he hoped. Having hoped too much was even all his fault.

Alas! he had so far exaggerated hope, as to believe in that thing, glittering and obscure, society. He, who was outside, had reentered it.

Society had, at once and at the outset, made him three offers, and given him its three gifts, marriage, family, and caste. Marriage? He had seen prostitution on the threshold. Family? His brother had smitten him on the face, and awaited him, next day, sword in hand. Caste? It had just burst out laughing in his face, he being a patrician, he being miserable. He was rejected, almost even before being admitted. And his first three steps in this deep social shadow had opened beneath him three gulfs.

And it was by a traitorous transfiguration that his disaster had been begun. And this catastrophe had approached him under the aspect of apotheosis. "Mount up!" had signified "Go down!"

He was, as it were, the reverse of Job. It was through prosperity that adversity had come upon him.

O tragical human enigma! Take note of the ambushes. A child, he had contended with the night, and had proved the stronger. Man, he had contended with destiny, and had beaten it to the ground. From disfigured, he had made himself radiant, and, from unfortunate, happy. Of his exile, he had made an asylum. Vagabond, he had contended with space, and, like the birds of heaven, had found therein his crumbs of bread. Savage and solitary, he had contended with the crowd, and had made of it a friend. Athlete, he had contended with that lion, the people, and had tamed it. Poor, he had contended with distress, he had faced the sombre necessity of living, and, by force of blending all the joys of the heart with misery, he had made for himself riches out of poverty. He had been enabled to imagine himself the vanquisher of life. All at once, new forces had come in against him from the depth of the unknown, no more with menaces, but with caresses and smiles; love, Draconian and material, had appeared to him, all absorbed in love angelic; the flesh had seized him, who lived in the ideal; to the light of the true had succeeded the fascination of the false; for it is not the flesh that is the real—it is the soul. The flesh is cinder; the soul is flame. For this group bound to him by the relationship of poverty and of toil, and which was his true natural family, had been substituted the social family, family by blood, but of blood that was tainted; and even before entering into it, he had found himself face to face with a fratricide in embryo. Alas! he had allowed himself to be reclassified in that society, of which Brantôme, whom he had not read, had said: "The son may properly challenge the father to a duel." Fatal fortune had cried to him: "You are not of the crowd; you are of the chosen ones!" and had opened the social ceiling above his head as it were a trap-door in the sky, and had launched him through this opening, and had caused him to spring up, unexpected and savage, in the midst

of princes and masters. Suddenly, around him, in place of the people who applauded, he had seen the lords who cursed him. Melancholy metamorphosis! Ignominious amplification! Rude spoliation of all that had been his felicity! Pillage of his life, by hue and cry! Rooting up of Gwynplaine, of Clancharlie, of lord, of mountebank, of his earliest condition, of his new condition, by peckings from the beaks of all these eagles!

Of what use was it to have begun life, at the outset, by victory over obstacle? Of what use to have triumphed at first? Alas! it was needful that he should be precipitated, or, otherwise, destiny had not been fulfilled.

Thus, half by force and half willingly—for, after the wapentake, he had to deal with Barkilphedro, and in his abduction there was consent—he had quitted the real for the chimerical, the true for the false, Dea for Josiane, love for pride, liberty for power, work proud and poor for opulence charged with obscure responsibility, the shade wherein is God for the glitter wherein are demons, Paradise for Olympus!

He had bitten into golden fruit. He spat out a mouthful of cinder.

Lamentable result. Rout, bankruptcy, falling in ruins, insolent expulsion of all his hopes scourged away by grinning, unmeasured disillusion. And what to do henceforward? If he looked to the morrow, what did he see?—a naked sword, of which the point was at his breast and the handle in his brother's hand! He saw only the hideous glistening of the sword. All the rest—Josiane, the Chamber of Peers—was behind, in a monstrous chiaroscuro filled with tragic outlines.

And this brother, who had seemed to him to be chivalrous and manly. Alas! this Tom-Jim-Jack who had defended Gwynplaine, this Lord David who had defended Lord Clancharlie—he had scarcely had a glimpse of him; he had only had time enough to be smitten by him, and to love him!

What discouragements!

Now, to proceed onward. Impossible. There was falling to pieces on every side. Besides, to what purpose? In the depth of despair, all is weariness.

The trial had been made, and was not to be begun again:

Gwynplaine was a player, who has played out all his trumps. He had allowed himself to be dragged to the formidable gambling-house. Without specially calling himself to account for what he did—such is the subtle poisoning of illusion—he had staked Den against Josiane; he had got a monster. He had staked Ursus against a family; he had got an insult. He had staked his mountebank's trestle against the seat of a lord; he had got acclamation and imprecation.

His last card had just fallen on the fatal green cloth of the deserted bowling-green. Gwynplaine had lost. There was nothing more for him, but to pay. Pay, miserable one!

The thunderstricken do not quiver much. Gwynplaine was motionless. Whoever had seen him from a distance thus in the shade, stiff and without movement, beside the parapet, would have thought he saw a stone standing up.

Hell, the serpent, and revery, twist themselves fold upon fold. Gwynplaine descended the sepulchral spirals of the depth of thought.

He contemplated the world, whereof he had just had a glimpse, with that cold look which is the look definitive. Marriage, but no love; family, but no fraternity; wealth, but no conscience; beauty, but no modesty; justice, but no equity; order, but no equilibrium; power, but no intelligence; authority, but no right; splendor, but no radiance. Inexorable balance of account! He made the tour of that supreme vision, in which his thought was plunged. He examined one after the other, destiny, his position, society, and himself. What was destiny?—a snare. His position?—despair. Society?—hatred. Himself?—a vanquished man. And, from the depth of his soul, he exclaimed:—Society is the stepmother. Nature is the mother. Society is the world of the body; nature is the world of the soul. The one leads to the coffin, to the pine-

box in the trench, to the earthworms; and finishes there. The other leads to outspread wings, to transfiguration in the morn, to ascent into firmaments; and there it recommences.

By degrees, the paroxysm took hold of him. Fatal whirling! Things that are finishing throw out a final gleam, wherein all is discerned.

He, who passes judgment, confronts. Gwynplaine placed before himself what society had done for him, and what nature had done. How good had nature been for him! How she had aided him, she who is the soul! Every thing had been taken from him—every thing, even to his visage; the soul had restored every thing to him. Every thing, even the visage; for there was here below a celestial blind one, made expressly for him, who saw not his ugliness, and who saw his beauty.

And it was from this that he had permitted himself to be separated! It was from this adorable being, it was from this heart, it was from this adoption, it was from this tenderness, it was from this divine blind look, the sole one upon earth that saw him—that he had gone far away! Dea was his sister; for, between her and him, he felt the grand cerulean fraternity, the mystery that embraces all the sky. Dea, when he was little, had been his maiden; for every boy-child has a maiden, and life always begins with a marriage of souls consummated in full innocence, by a pair of uninformed virginities. Dea was his spouse; for they had the same nest on the highest branch of the deep-rooted tree Hymen. Dea was more still, she was his light; without her, all was nothingness and void, and he saw around her an aureole of rays. What would he become, without Dea? What to do with all that was himself? Nothing of himself could live without her. How, then, could he have been able to lose sight of her for a moment? O hapless one! Between his star and himself he had let a digression take place, and, in these redoubtable and unknown gravitations, digression rapidly becomes the abyss. Where was she, the star? Dea! Dea! Dea! Dea! Alas! he had lost his light! Take away the star, and what is the sky?—blackness. But why, then, had all this passed away? Oh! how full of happiness he had been! God had remade Eden for him;—too completely, alas! even to letting the serpent reënter, though, this time, it was man, who had been tempted. He had been drawn out thence, and there, frightful snare, he had fallen into the chaos of black laughs, which is hell! Woe! woe! How terrific was all that had fascinated him! This Josiane—what was she? Oh! horrible woman, almost beast, almost goddess! Gwynplaine was at this moment on the reversed side of his elevation, and saw the very opposite of his bedazzlement. It was funereal. That lordship was deformed, that coronet was hideous, that purple robe was dismal, those palaces were poisoned, those trophies, those statues, those armorial emblazonments squinted; the foul and traitorous air, that he had breathed there, made him mad! Oh! the rags of the mountebank Gwynplaine were lustrous. Oh! where the Green-Box was, were poverty and joy, and the pleasant life of wandering together like the swallows. They did not leave each other; they saw each other every minute; in the evening, in the morning, at table, there was joggling of elbow and touch of knee; they drank from the same glass; the sun came in by the little window; but he was the sun only, and Dea was love. At night, they felt that they were sleeping not far apart, and Dea's dream came and hovered over Gwynplaine, and Gwynplaine's dream came mysteriously to bloom into fulness above Dea! On waking, they were not quite sure that they had not exchanged kisses in the azure cloud of dreamland. All innocence was in Dea; all wisdom in Ursus. They prowled from town to town; they had, for viaticum and for cordial, the frank and kindly gaiety of the people. They were vagabond angels, having enough of humanity for walking here below, and not quite enough of wings for flying away. And now—disappearance! Where was all that? Was it possible that all could be effaced? What wind from the tomb had blown? It was eclipsed! It

was lost! Alas! the dull omnipotence, that weighs heavily on the small, disposes of all that is in shadow and is capable of every thing. What had been done to them? And he had not been there, he, to protect them, to throw himself across their way, to defend them, as lord, with his title, his nobility, and his sword; as mountebank, with his fists and his nails! And here supervened one bitter thought, the most bitter perhaps of all—yet no, he could not have defended them. It was precisely he who had ruined them. It was to keep him, Lord Clancharlie, clear of them, it was to isolate his dignity from contact with them, that the infamous social omnipotence had borne heavily upon them. His best mode of protecting them would be to disappear; there would be no more reason for persecuting them. He out of the way, they would be left quiet. Freezing aperture, whereinto his thoughts entered! Ah! why had he let himself be separated from Dea? Was not his first duty toward Dea? To serve and defend the people? but Dea—that was the people. Dea—that was the orphan, that was the blind one, that was humanity! Oh! what had been done with them? Cruel dressing-up of regret! his absence had left the field clear for the catastrophe! He would have shared their fate. Or he would have taken them and carried them off with him, where he would have buried himself with them. What to become, without them, now? Gwynplaine without Dea—was it possible? Dea wanting, every thing was wanting. Ah! all was over! This well-loved group was buried forever in an irreparable swooning away. All was exhausted. Besides, condemned and damned as Gwynplaine was, of what use were a longer struggle? There was nothing more to expect, either from man, or from Heaven. Dea! Dea! Where is Dea? Lost! What, lost! He, who has lost his soul, has but one spot left where he may find it again—death.

Gwynplaine, distracted and full of woe, placed his hands firmly on the parapet, as though it had been a solution, and looked at the stream.

It was the third night since he had slept. A fever was on him. His ideas, that he imagined clear, were troubled. He felt the imperative need of sleep. He remained thus for some moments, leaning over the water. The shadow offered him the grand tranquil bed; the infinite of darkness. Sinister temptation!

He took off his coat, folded it, and placed it on the parapet. Then he unbuttoned his waistcoat. As he was about to take it off, his hand struck against something in the pocket. It was the red-book that the librarian of the House of Lords had presented to him. He drew out the memorandum-book from the pocket, examined it in the diffused night-light, saw a pencil in it, took the pencil, and wrote these two lines upon the first blank page that opened:

—“I am going away. Let my brother David take my place, and be happy!”

And he signed it: FERMAIN CLANCHARLIE, peer of England.

Then he took off the waistcoat and laid it upon the coat. He took off his hat, and laid it upon the waistcoat. He put into the hat the red-book, opened at the page whereon he had written. He saw a stone on the ground, took it, and put it into the hat.

This done, he looked up at the infinite space above his brow.

Then, his head drooped down slowly, as though drawn by an invisible thread from the abyss.

There was a hole in the stones of the base of the parapet. He put one foot into it, so that his knee was raised above the top of the parapet, and it was the easiest thing in the world to stride over it.

He crossed his hands behind his back, and leaned forward.

—So be it! he said.

And he fixed his eyes upon the deep water.

At that moment he felt a tongue licking his hands.

He shuddered, and turned round.

It was Homo who was behind him.

ICELAND.

WITHIN the dark and distant realm of frost,
Where the warm waters with the chill are lost;
Where the glad billows, as they northward roll,
Are broken by the icebergs of the pole;
Where day and night meet as the waters meet,
Where sunless winter plants his icy feet;
Where the long summer is one endless noon,
And boreal light is winter's startling boon,
Terrestrial fires, from beneath the waves,
Have reared vast mountains from their watery graves;
And there, in desolation, grim they stand,
Lone sentinels, forbidding, fearful, grand;
Peering far o'er the dreary Arctic Sea,
Which pounds, ice-freighted, ever on their lea;
Their summits pierced by craters yawning wide,
Reaching far down within the mountain's side;
Down to the bowels of the earth they go,
Their tops wrapped round with everlasting snow;
And glaciers wide that glitter through the day,
And in the night the stars reflect away;
Upon their front one deep, perpetual frown,
While on perpetual ruin looking down.

The ruin theirs, for, from their yawning deeps,
Pour streams of liquid fire down o'er the steeps,
Dividing as they flow, hydra in shape,
Their tail within the mountain's awful gape,
The heads, down creeping, fiercely bent on strife,
The body wriggling like a thing of life—
A fiery train, marking its onward way,
With scalding steam that dims the light of day,
And waters torrent, seeming from the mouth
Of evil monster with envenomed breath,
Which every living thing, from man to tree,
O'ertakes with death while hissing to the sea,
O'erwhelming valleys, pastures sweep away,
Lakes tumble in a deluge in one day
From out their beds, and from the face of earth
Blotting each feature that before had birth.

Nor this yet all: dense clouds of sulphurous breath
Puff from the mountain-top, o'ercharged with death
To every living thing on which may fall
The noxious vapor, down the mountain-wall
Descending slow, as black as blackest night,
Spreading dark canopy to left and right,
Peak after peak fast gathering with the cloud,
Till all is covered with a mourning shroud,
Through which the light no longer finds its way,
And night is reigning when there should be day.

Then, added to the vapors' poisoning breath,
Great streams of ashes gush from underneath,
And, from a giddy height, fall to the ground,
Strewing the sea for hundred leagues around;
And volleys of hot stones, great meteors red,
Are shot without the crater's angry bed,
With loud reports that shake the very earth,
And split the rocks, and let the waters forth,
To froth and foam and madly rush on high—
A scalding fountain 'neath an Arctic sky.

And this is Iceland, island of the North,
Which in God's anger seemingly had birth.
Rent, shaken, tortured with internal heat,
A land of marvels and of wonders great;
And then the contrast makes the terror seem
Unearthly, and unreal we but deem
Such wondrous sight to be, howe'er sublime,
For scene like this fits but a Southern clime;
Great Chimborazo, 'ragged, with angry might,
Belching forth fire and smoke throughout the night,
At the equator, fearful less by far,
Than Hecla blazing 'neath the Polar Star.

I. I. HAYES.

ON TEACHING ENGLISH.

BY PROFESSOR BAIN, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN.

I.

THREE subjects comprehend every thing that can be brought into a course of instruction in English: (1) Grammar, (2) Composition and Rhetoric, and (3) English Literature. We have, therefore, to consider the respective claims of these three branches, and what parts of each should receive especial prominence depends much upon the parts selected. It is quite possible for a teacher, without travelling out of the field thus defined, to be perfectly useless.

Before entering on the subjects in detail, let us inquire whether there be any governing principle, any chief or crowning end, paramount in settling the work of the English class-room. In proposing any one object as a crowning end, we are likely to find ourselves at once embarked in controversy. The sooner, then, we begin, the better.

The end here maintained, as predominant under all circumstances, is, *training in prose composition*; in other words, to improve the pupils to the utmost in expressing themselves well, whether in writing or in speech. If there be any ends besides, either they should be ministerial to the crowning end, or, supposing them to have an independent value, they are to stand on one side when that end is concerned. The cultivation of taste is partly ministerial to composition, and partly a source of enjoyment; but composition first, pleasure afterward. Intellectual discipline is supposed to be an end; still, it should be, above all other things, a discipline in the art of expression in language.

A wide scope is to be allowed to the meaning of composition. It is not confined to mere business composition, nor even to that coupled with the expository art for the purposes of science; it takes in the graces and amenities of style, as an art for refining social intercourse, and for aiding in oratory. But I do not intend it to include the express culture of poetical composition; that being the specialty of a few, not the habitual diction of life. I would not make this exclusion absolute under all circumstances, any more than I would exclude the secondary ends; I mean only that these things are secondary, and must wait till full justice is done to what is primary.

It is proverbially difficult to argue an end. Indeed, a final end cannot be argued at all; for argument consists in quoting something more fundamental than the point argued, which the hearers are supposed to admit. If you deliberately and consistently hold that the art of composing well is not the highest end of instruction in English—that, if not subordinate, it is at least only coördinate with other ends, such as taste and intellectual discipline—I can have nothing to say. I might adduce instances of the mention of this as a great and crowning end; and of its being frequently accepted in that character. But, to the consistent and conscientious dissenter, there is no basis for reply.

Nevertheless, it will be conceded, that this is *one* end of a leading kind; and, consequently, a course of instruction that does not point to it in a very considerable degree is insufficient as a system of English teaching. Even on this qualified assumption, the following remarks will perhaps not be devoid of force.

I. First, then, as to ENGLISH GRAMMAR. All will admit that one use of English grammar is correct composition. To say the least, grammar is the means of making us more steady and consistent in our adherence to the conventions and idioms of the language, than the

generality of us would be, if we had no grammatical training. It goes a little farther, and considers the quality of clearness or perspicuity; but the full attention to that and to other merits comes under the higher departments called composition, rhetoric or the laws of style.

Now, as regards grammar, there are two questions open to debate. The one relates to grammar considered as an intellectual discipline in a wider sense than the discipline in composition—a scientific or logical discipline. The second is, how early should grammar begin to be taught?

The first is the greater question. The assertion is constantly repeated that grammar is a discipline in accurate reasoning, having a distinct value on that score. Indeed, more stress is frequently laid upon this function, than upon the subservience to correctness in the conventions of the language. The supposed intellectual training of grammar is tendered as the most powerful reason for studying Latin, in which hardly any one has ever any occasion to compose, and few even to read. Yet, whether as regards English, or as regards Latin, Greek, or any other language, I hold that the allegation as to mental discipline is subject to very great qualifications.

I can see two ways that the discipline of grammar may be supposed to operate. For one thing, there is, in all composition, a necessity for fulfilling a certain number of conditions, indicated to some extent by general rules, which rules must be understood and correctly applied. You cannot write a good sentence, conveying a meaning, without attending to a variety of considerations; and, therefore, you must exert a certain amount of intelligent effort. In learning a foreign language, by grammar and dictionary, one is still more completely thrown upon the understanding and the applying of rules.

Now, this may be fairly called an intellectual exercise. But is it an exercise peculiar to grammar, or to language, to English, to Latin, or to Greek? Is it not rather the very thing demanded in every art and profession above the commonest manual labor. A clerk in a counting-house has a great many conditions to observe—rules to interpret and comply with. A lawyer writing a business letter, or drawing up a deed, has a still larger number of considerations to bring together with understanding. There is no profession that we can be engaged in, without undergoing such a discipline; and, in most, it is far more stringent than in grammar. This, therefore, is a discipline that will never be wanting to any one educated for a business of the smallest importance. The mistress of a household has abundant scope for the intelligent combining of means to ends, and for the application of rules to cases.

The point to be insisted on, then, is, that no study is justified merely by the circumstance that it contains a field for understanding and applying rules. We can cultivate this avocation in so many ways, that we are never driven to seek it on grounds in other respects barren. It adds nothing to the recommendation of grammatical studies; if these have no specific utility in regard to composition by pen or by mouth, they have no utility at all. As to the habit of overcoming difficulties, we need never make difficulties on purpose; we can always find some work fruitful in itself, as well as calculated to inure us to patient and intelligent combinations.

Besides, it does not follow that, because we have gone through a certain training in one line, we shall transfer that training to other and different things. We may, or we may not. The only sure discipline is a discipline in the very subject on which we are to be occupied. A clerk is trained, not by grammar, but by accounts. A medical man is trained, not by the Greek verb, but at the hospital.

The other way that grammatical study may be supposed to operate as a mental discipline, apart from its immediate purpose, is in exemplifying the processes of scientific reasoning—such as classifying, defining, generalizing, induction, deduction, and so on. Now, this granted, the foregoing remarks are still to the point; there are so many fruitful studies, so many useful branches of knowledge, more or less perfectly cast in the scientific mould, that we can always couple utility and discipline in the same exercise. We need never seek for examples of scientific method in an intrinsically unprofitable region; the valuable forms of science may be found in conjunction with valuable matter. There exist fruitful studies of every grade of difficulty for exemplifying all the reasoning processes; it is enough to instance mathematics, the wide compass of natural history, and the versatile studies comprised under natural philosophy.

But I do not concur in the assertion that grammar is a good model

of scientific method. I find that its definitions have long been bad, and are only now in the course of being slowly amended; its inductions are still defective; the rules are often wanting both in accuracy and in perspicuity, while the qualifications and exceptions are insufficiently worked out. Even in that future day, when the subject shall attain its perfection, as to scientific form, it will be very unsuitable for initiating beginners in scientific method. Any science that thoroughly encompasses the vast structure of a cultivated language, accommodating itself to all the caprices of usage, as well as bodying forth the deep and subtle relationships, will not be an elementary science. If grammar is easy and elementary now, the result is gained by superficiality, by evading all serious difficulties, by leaving unexplained the very things most in want of explanation.

The truth is, that a certain amount of this ground is covered by the rules of grammar, and all the rest is left to be gathered in the detail, like our English spelling. Between the two, a pupil may be tolerably educated in the languages, but he will not have seen any thing that can be called good science. Nor could the very best teacher accommodate the subject to scientific or logical discipline for beginners. The utmost that can be gained by grammatical training—the *forma* of classifying, defining, induction, and deduction—will not start forth from the matter of language in that clearness of manifestation that would make them easy to apply to other matter—to law, to medicine, or to theology.*

The conclusion, therefore, on the whole is, that grammar has no secondary end that needs to be taken into account in estimating its educational value. In so far as it does not serve the primary end of aiding us in the use of our own language, it has no reason of existence.

There is a second question connected with grammar, viz., at what age should it be entered upon? The answer is, as soon as a pupil can be made to comprehend the structure and parts of a sentence. When you can explain with effect that every communication by speech takes the form of a sentence, that a sentence is made up of a subject and a predicate, that the predicate may be completed by an object, and that both subject and object may be qualified by secondary words—when all this can be understood, grammar can be understood. You have, then, and not till then, a basis for the parts of speech, and all the rest will easily follow. But, to define a noun without reference to the sentence, is futile and misleading; and, if grammar had any efficacy in suggesting scientific method, such a definition would only pervert and corrupt the reasoning faculties. To call a noun "the name of a person, place, or thing"—John, London, book—is not even a decent approximation; it is not a respectable compromise. If all nouns were names of objects in the concrete—as man, skylark, town, table—the definition, although still taking the wrong aspect, would not be so far from including the things. But as, in addition to these concretes of the outer world, we have the whole vocabulary of *mind*—love, pas-

* Extraordinary eulogiums are occasionally passed on the power of grammar-rules to impress scientific or logical method. The pupil, it is said, has a rule set before him, with a certain number of examples, and he has to stretch the application to new cases, which is the substance of all scientific deduction. Thus, take the rule, or rules, for the formation of the plural. There is (1) the general rule (adding *s* to the singular); then (2) certain exceptional rules; and, finally (3), a number of irregularities to be learned piecemeal. This instance typifies a large part of grammar. But how many pupils, we may ask, conceive this process in its scientific character or method? Most teachers would probably answer, none at all. The comprehending of such a scheme belongs essentially to the post-grammatical age, and is not aided by the examples furnished in grammar. The ordinary pupil does not even remember the rules themselves in after-life; our knowledge of the greater part of the grammatical proprieties is against our individual instances. We write "babies," not so much from the instigation of the rule learned at school, as from having repeatedly seen the form in the word itself, and in the close analogies, "ladies," etc.

A logical discipline, to be successful, must be worked like every other discipline; it must begin with simple forms, and proceed by degrees to the complex. Easy classifications and definitions, in the first instance, succeeded by more and more difficult; and inductions, on the same plan; deductions, first, for perfect rules, and, next, for rules liable to qualifying rules and exceptions—would be a scheme of logical discipline, such as a young pupil might follow. But now, in teaching a subject having other ends in view, we cannot obtain the indispensable gradation from the simple to the complex; we are just as likely to have, at the very outset, the most complicated instances of logical method. Thus, the grammarian, at the very outset, has to settle the parts of speech; of them, he must commence with the definition and classification of nouns; whereby he is already plunged into complex defining and cross classifications, which are by far too subtle and difficult to be presented as the first introduction to logic. They may be intelligible as grammar, but certainly not beyond.

sion, conscience, thought, etc.—which no pupil could recognize as persons, or as places, or as things; also the vocabulary of actions, as expressed by nouns—work, cry, flow, drive, and so on; and, farther, the abstractions—as time, space, goodness, beauty—you must pass in silence probably the largest half of the noun vocabulary, or else drop the definition, or, finally, slip into the real definition, that is, the junction of the noun as subject or as object of the sentence.

A final word as to grammar: If the sole end of the grammatical system is correctness in composition, there is yet much to be done in accommodating our grammars to the end. An extensive technical machinery has been contrived, and we are still adding to it; but there is no corresponding zeal in directing it to guide composition. Of recent additions, I may mention the analysis of the sentence, which is the indispensable complement of the whole grammatical structure-system, as giving the only basis of the parts of speech. It has a further utility in calling attention to the structure of sentences. But why should attention be called to this matter? Mainly, as I conceive, to help us to see the difference between a good sentence and a bad. It may serve the additional end of enlarging our stock of sentence-forms, so as to increase our compass of effective expression. Yet to neither purpose has analysis been, as yet, studiously directed. Very admirable manuals of analysis are now to be had—indeed, the formulæ are brought almost to an ideal perfection. Yet we seldom employ the new nomenclature to say, "This form of sentence is good, that is bad; this is adapted for one use, that for another; this is a form that might be beneficially extended," and so on. Now, until we proceed to this further stage, the machinery is otiose (excepting always the bearing on the parts of speech). It has capabilities not turned to account. Mr. Dalglish has continued a valuable supplement to analysis, in the form of synthesis, which still further seems to impress the mind with the parts and organization of sentences. Yet even this does not bring us up to the main chance—the discrimination of good and evil in sentence-structure.

Another recent addition to grammar is the subject of derivation in its two branches—the sources of the vocabulary, and the composition of words. The sources of the vocabulary must be considered as curious rather than as practically useful; for, although susceptible of being rendered useful as well as curious, much of that remains to be done. Generally speaking, the history of a word does not add to our knowledge of its meaning; our only safe guide is present use. Much information as to national history and manners may be gained from noting the changes in the meaning of words; still, the English master has a more urgent vocation than being the historian of national customs. Moreover, that subject does not seem to need a special tutor, or the intervention of the living voice. Any branch of knowledge that happens to be perfectly easy to an ordinary mind, and at the same time possesses a self-sustaining interest or charm, may very well dispense with the schoolmaster. This remark will be again called for, ere we are done; and we might extend it beyond our present object. It applies most emphatically, for example, to the whole department of history, which might be learned, one would suppose, from such writers as Arnold, Macaulay, Milman, Grote, Carlyle, and Kinglake, by every person of fair attainments and mature age, without either professor or coach.

In attending to the sources of the vocabulary, there is one incidental advantage—to impress the memory with the vocables themselves, which is a very large part of our cultivation in language. The effect, however, that any teaching can have upon this immense acquisition is surprisingly small. Our command of vocables is an attainment spreading itself over the whole life; the English teacher has but a moderate share in it, as could be proved by an arithmetical computation. We imbibe vocables most readily when we are intensely interested with any thing that we hear or read; and the teacher has occasional opportunities of operating in this way, as well as by mere dunning and repetition. Yet, unless the course of English were extended much beyond its present limits, the whole efficacy of teaching in this matter is too confined to be taken into account in the education of a cultivated person.

A further subject of no small interest connected with the sources of words is general philology. In learning a foreign language, this may be an aid to the memory of vocables; in learning our own language, the utility in this way is but slender. I do not think that the English teacher has time to spare for this department; its bearing on his chief end is too remote. What has been alone remarked as to the

immediate sources of words, and the small connection between these and present use, applies with far greater force to the first origin of speech. That subject is eminently calculated to stimulate the curiosity of the mature man; and a teacher may occasionally advert to it, just as a lecturer in physiology may make a passing allusion to the Darwinian doctrine of development.

The other part of derivation, now worked up in our grammars to a high pitch of completeness, is the composition of words—the addition of endings and of prefixes to the primary roots, whereby there are framed new vocables with various shades of meaning. In favor of this study can be pleaded a high practical utility—the avoiding of a class of serious errors. No fault is commoner than the misuse of suffixes. If consistency in this point had been studied, we should not have the word "sensible" employed to signify "possessing good sense;" the termination has a passive meaning, and the word should mean only what can be felt—as, a sensible taste, an insensible pressure. Now, by arraying under each suffix and each prefix a series of characteristic examples, we enable the pupils to make their induction as to the prevailing signification, and so to check themselves in deviating from the consistency of the language in a matter of some importance.

THE WOMAN OF BUSINESS.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY."

CHAPTER XIX.—Continued.

Susan saw in a moment that her mother had received some letter that distressed her.

"Mamma, I'm sure you have had some bad news."

"No, no, nothing of much consequence—pray, Susan dear, don't ask me any questions just now—if you have got any thing to say, say it."

Susan explained what it was, and Mrs. Rowley, after a little reflection, said that there was nothing to be done but to read the prayers herself; she supposed it was her duty under the circumstances. Poor Mrs. Rowley! she little thought what a handle she was about to furnish her enemies with by taking orders on such short notice.

However, the matter was settled, and Mr. Cosie had notice given early the next morning to the people about, that Mrs. Rowley would read the church service in the barn at the usual canonical hour. He had the place cleaned out and furnished with chairs and benches, and a little table with a cushion for the books, to serve as a reading-desk.

When the time approached, the farm-bell rang, and Mrs. Rowley proceeded to the barn, followed by the Cosies, who were followed by all the maids, making a pretty long train. Susan Rowley arranged the books, and marked the places; she was to read the lessons, and one of the Cosies was to do the clerk. But it was seen at once that there was not light enough to read by, and Mr. Cosie sent for a pair of candles, and had them lighted. Mrs. Rowley read very well, and, in that respect, perhaps in no church in England was the service better performed than it was that Sunday, for it is certainly not in the art of reading that the English clergy are most eminent.

But among the congregation that day were the dismissed school-mistress and carpenter; and, before the day was over, it was the talk of all Oakham that Mrs. Rowley was little or no better than a Papist. Mr. Mallet had seen the candles lighted in broad noonday, and he had seen the procession, too, and, if both together was not downright popery, he did not know what popery was. Before this ridiculous perversion of facts had travelled the length of the village, all sorts of nummeries were added, to make the story spicier; and, when it got into the *Penrose Chronicle*, as it did the next day, in a paragraph entitled "Popish Pranks in Cornwall," it was a narrative to make the bones of the Protestant martyrs rattle in their graves.

Poor Mr. Cosie heard all this the next morning, when he went into Oakham, and returned very angry and excited about it; but it only made Mrs. Rowley smile—a day or two before, it would have made her laugh. It was certainly highly ridiculous; but perhaps the paragraph travelled the faster for being so absurd, for it flew up to London in no time, and from London was wafted across the Channel

to the French capital, as appeared long afterward, when it turned up among many other documents forwarded to Mr. Rowley from England for his instruction and amusement.

Already the barometer was falling, and every letter from France gave fresh indication of a coming storm.

Mr. Rowley, at the time his wife left him, was in a healthier frame of mind than he had been for years—more free from those fits of caprice, irritability, and groundless suspicion, which, though not amounting to actual insanity, had more than once alarmed his family, and caused his wife, especially, the greatest distress. The change in the management of his affairs had been entirely his own act, and it was at his express instance that Mrs. Rowley had gone to England to make the change with the least possible hurt to his brother's feelings. Naturally, it was her daughter who, as we have seen, first perceived that her letters were beginning to worry her, knowing the omens of her mother's face so well as she did. On the following Monday, she herself had a few lines from her sister Fanny, in which she said that her father was not well, and she thought there must have been something to annoy him in a letter he had received from Mrs. Upjohn.

"He says nothing about it," said Mrs. Rowley; "but it must be so. Your poor uncle said he would write himself; but he went up to town, and no doubt forgot all about it."

Mrs. Cosie, simple woman as she was, could make her observations, and she was the first of the family to notice that Mrs. Rowley's spirits were not what they had been.

"It is the precarious state of her husband's health that is making her uneasy," said her husband.

"No," said Mrs. Cosie; "for, if it was, she would talk of it."

"If not," he rejoined, "it is just the perplexity of her affairs—very probably the confusion in which she finds Mr. Upjohn's accounts; she has more to do and to think of than is good for her."

"Nor that either," said his more penetrating wife; "it is easy to know when people are worrying themselves about money matters; I only hope that Mr. Rowley is not getting into the state they say he was in once or twice before."

"You may be right, my dear," said Mr. Cosie; "that would be a terrible thing to happen just now; she would be obliged to go over, and we could spare her very badly at present."

A day or two later, just after breakfast, in the honey-sucked porch of the cottage-door, with an expression of countenance in which grief was mixed with anger, Mrs. Rowley told Mr. Cosie that her days in England were numbered.

"I am ordered back," she said. "Something has unsettled my husband's views since I left him; he is dissatisfied, even says his brother has been used harshly—I can hardly help laughing, it is so absurd"—and her foot kept tapping the gravel with an emotion she very rarely exhibited.

"But, surely," said Mr. Cosie, "any such impression ought to be very easily removed."

"It is too late for anybody to remove it," she answered, "even for Mr. Upjohn himself; this is my husband's malady, and the fits are longer and more serious every time they recur."

Mr. Cosie could only say how grieved he was at what had occurred.

"I repose great confidence in you," she said, "or I should not have told you even so much as I have. To tell you more would be useless. I go to town to-morrow, and I suppose shall leave England, without making the acquaintance of our new solicitors, which I particularly regret, for I suspect Mr. Alexander is an old acquaintance."

This was her last private conversation with Mr. Cosie. The evening passed in that heavy way in which all evenings pass when the morning is to bring the parting of people who have been happy together, but more heavily than usual, owing to the unforeseen turn of events. What was there better to be done on such an evening than break up early, shake hands cordially all round, light the candles, and go to bed?

This hastened departure was a sad blow to poor Carry Roberts, who was so soon to be separated again from her dearest friends; her only comfort was that she was to go to town along with them. It was with as deep a sigh that night as any which her own griefs had wrung from her, that Mrs. Rowley entered, among her memoranda of things to be done in London, the leaving Carry at her aunt's. At first, she

wrote "at home," but she struck her pencil across the words, and substituted Cumberland Gate.

CHAPTER XX.—IN WHICH MR. COSIE HAS AN ALTERCATION WITH THE CURATE; MR. MARJORAM IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE.

THERE was just the same throng in front of the cottage at the departure of the Rowleys as on their arrival; but how altered were the faces of the assemblage—how different their several emotions! All this, however, is for the reader to imagine, as well as the bouquets with which the parting guests were presented, and the capacious basket of sandwiches and other good things which Mrs. Cosie had provided for the journey. Mr. Blackadder having been unable to dine at the Meadows, had told Mr. Cosie that he would breakfast with him that final morning to say adieu to Mrs. Rowley, to whom he had only paid a formal visit once during her stay; but he did not appear, of which Mrs. Cosie took no notice, but Mr. Cosie was not kept long in ignorance of his reason for keeping aloof. The curate met the farmer in the course of the morning, and the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Cosie having inquired why he did not come to breakfast, Mr. Blackadder, looking like a man who is asked a question not pleasant to answer, hesitated for a moment, and at last said—

"The fact is, Mr. Cosie, though I don't believe a word of the stupid story that has been going about the service in your barn, there are parts of Mrs. Rowley's conduct which I disapprove of highly."

"I am sorry she incurs your displeasure," said Mr. Cosie, dryly.

"My displeasure," said the curate, "is probably of no consequence to her; but I am to consider only my duty as a clergyman, and a letter received the other day has informed me of certain things which are not all to her credit."

"Your informant is easy to guess," said the farmer.

"That may be," said Mr. Blackadder; "but it is the information that is important, not the quarter from which it comes."

"You mean, I hope, to let me know what your information is," said Cosie.

"Certainly," said the curate; "but I must tell you in the first place that I think my friends the Upjohns have not been well used either by Mr. Rowley or his wife in all this business. I think they have just reason to complain of the hasty way in which things have been done, and especially of Mrs. Rowley's abrupt descent on our coasts, as if her object was to carry every thing before her by a *coup de main*."

"She descended on no coasts but her own, sir," said Mr. Cosie; "and you talk as if you were talking of a pirate. Besides, if Mr. Upjohn makes no complaints, who else has a right to make them?"

"Mr. Upjohn is a very simple man," said the curate, "and of too easy and guileless a nature to see a wrong to himself in any thing, especially done by people whom he is attached to."

"Simplicity of character is a strange fault for a clergyman to find in anybody," said the farmer.

"I do not say it is a fault," returned Mr. Blackadder; "though it is written, 'be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves:' the fault is with those who take advantage of his simplicity."

"But you knew all this a fortnight ago."

"I did, and had there been nothing more, I should not have thought it my duty to say a word about it, or allow it to influence my conduct toward Mrs. Rowley; until I had the letter I mentioned, I had no notion of the motives by which she has been actuated."

"Her motives!" interrupted Mr. Cosie; "what motives? Who has a right to discuss her motives?"

"Those who know them, and have suffered by her behavior."

"What is imputed to her? I demand to know, as her friend, as her only friend here!"

"Do you know who Mr. Alexander is?"

"Perfectly."

"Do you know he is one of the gayest and handsomest men in England?"

"What of that?"

"Are you aware that he is an old acquaintance, if not old flame, of your Mrs. Rowley?"

"Neither one nor the other, as far as I know."

"Do you know that it was to renew her relations with him that she prevailed on her husband to cashier his brother?"

"False!" cried Mr. Cosie, burning with indignation.

"Your zeal is natural," said Mr. Blackadder, commanding himself better than Mr. Cosie, "but my information is precise; if he is neither an old friend, nor an old admirer, it is odd she should have presented him with her portrait."

"Ho, ho, ho!" laughed Mr. Cosie—"her portrait!—ho, ho, ho!"

"I see no laughing matter in it, sir, and I am sorry to see that you do."

"Why, the picture you allude to is probably on its way down to Oakham at this moment; it was painted in Paris expressly for the little music hall which Mr. Rowley, as you know, is erecting for his tenantry."

"Do you really tell me so?" said the curate, much surprised and a little abashed.

"I only tell you what I know, Mr. Blackadder. Now I hope you see what faith is to be placed in your informants; but I can't help saying to your face that to repeat such stories is almost as bad as to invent them."

"There you go too far," said the curate.

"What!" rejoined the honest farmer, "is it not scandalous to propagate a report like this, and more scandalous, let me tell you, in a clergyman than in any other man."

"To let the friend of Mrs. Rowley know that such statements are made, is not to propagate them," said the curate warmly, "but to afford them an opportunity for contradicting or disproving them."

"Oh, Mr. Blackadder, although you are only a young man and a country curate, you must know enough of the world to know what incurable mischief slander does, let contradiction follow it ever so fast. Has it once occurred to you or your informant what a delicate thing female reputation is? No doubt by this time Mrs. Rowley's character has been blackened all over the parish."

"You insinuate," said Mr. Blackadder, more warmly than he had yet spoken, "that I have mentioned to others what I have said to you, but there you wrong me; to nobody but yourself have I spoken on the subject—to nobody else shall I ever speak of it."

"I have been unjust," said Mr. Cosie, "and I crave your pardon. You have done your duty in speaking to me, and I trust the contradiction I give the calumny will induce you to suspend your judgment."

"It shall have all the weight it ought to have, and I shall make the best use of it in my power."

"I can tell you two more facts, enough of themselves to disprove the statements that have been made to you," said the old farmer, less vehemently. "One is, that Mrs. Rowley has been nearly three weeks in England without once seeing the gentleman in question; and the other is, that it was Lord St. Michael's who advised Mr. Rowley in the choice of his new solicitors; his wife, I verily believe, had nothing in the world to do with it."

"Those are important facts, if they are facts," said the curate; "I shall take care to remember them. If you take me to be a foe to Mrs. Rowley, you do me wrong. I am so friendly to her that I would silence this ugly report if I could; and I think you ought to let her know of it, even if it should be necessary for you to follow her to town."

"Too late for that," said Mr. Cosie. "She will have left London before even a letter from this could reach her."

"That is unlucky," said the curate; "all I can do is to write to my correspondent, and I shall do so without a moment's delay."

The meeting that began so unpleasantly ended in kindness. Mr. Cosie shook hands with Mr. Blackadder, and they separated; neither with an easy mind—Mr. Cosie alarmed at hearing the lengths to which malice and vindictiveness were driving the Upjohns; Mr. Blackadder, a conscientious and well-disposed young man, grieved to discover that so much heart-burning and bad feeling existed in a family with which he was about to connect himself. But neither one nor the other knew half the mischief that was brewing or had been already brewed.

As to Mrs. Rowley, the worst she apprehended was a bagatelle to the evils impending over her. Could she have divined what poisoned arrows were flying in darkness, she would certainly not have done what she did the day after her arrival in London. It was very late when she arrived, too late to send Carry to her uncle's, so she kept

her for the night at her hotel in Jermyn Street, and the next day took her with her to several places where she had business to do: her banker's, a shop or two, and lastly to Spring Gardens. She alighted and went in. Mr. Alexander was out, but his partner was in his office, and Mrs. Rowley went in to make his acquaintance, which she was the more anxious to do from all she had heard of him and his sisters when she was in the country. What took place on the occasion was not of the slightest importance, except that it made a lasting impression on Mr. Marjoram, who was caught at a most unlucky moment by the woman of business; for instead of working at her affairs, or affairs of any kind, he was expecting his sisters with old Mrs. Alexander at his chambers, and had cake and wine on a little table for their entertainment, with ices from Farrance's at Charing Cross. A new clerk, taking Mrs. Rowley for one of the ladies expected, showed her in without hesitation; and, as she entered, Mr. Marjoram was busy arranging his flowers, particularly some new auriculas, to see which, indeed, he had invited the company. His back was turned toward the door, but, hearing it open, and petticoats rustling, he turned quickly round, and was petrified with astonishment to see the original of the well-remembered face and stately figure in the picture, confronting him bodily. At another time, with less care on her mind, Mrs. Rowley might have looked more alarming, and might have been even provoked to find one of her men of business absent, and the other giving a garden party in his chambers. But she was in no such mood at present; her vexations never made Mrs. Rowley unamiable; with a single gracious smile, as she introduced herself, she put the detected attorney entirely at his ease. The interview was very brief, but sufficient to show that Mr. Marjoram did not neglect his business for his flowers. Proud he would have been could Mrs. Rowley have remained for his collation, and he told her whom he was expecting, but time pressed her too hard, and she went away, hoping to have another opportunity of seeing more of him and knowing his sisters, of whom she had heard so much good.

Mrs. Rowley now returned to her hotel, and, parting with her niece in the carriage, sent her home in the care of Williams, her maid. The tears were starting afresh into Carry's eyes, but her aunt arrested the torrent with an affectionate word, as she gave her the last kiss.

"Carry, dear, no more crying; you must not go back to your aunt with red eyes. God bless you, my dear child!"

The carriage drove off, and the Rowleys went in to make their arrangements for leaving town the next morning. On her table Mrs. Rowley found another letter from her daughter, the most painful she had yet received. Could she have taken the wings of a dove, they would not have been swift enough for her eagerness to get back to Paris, and silence by her presence, if not too late, the venomous insinuations which had already reached their mark. That was the first letter the contents of which she did not communicate to Susan.

But though Mrs. Rowley could control her emotions, she could not control events. She caught cold by some unlucky accident or another in the course of the day, and, the following morning, was so feverish that her daughter would not hear of her travelling. This untoward occurrence detained her several days in town, and not only exposed her to fresh misconception, but enabled her enemies to go further lengths.

Of their operations we must now give some account. When we last saw Mrs. Upjohn, we left her agreeing with Miss Cateran that, for the sake of the credit of the family, the less that was said of Mrs. Rowley's shameless conduct the better; and we intimated that never was an agreement so badly observed. Miss Letitia Cateran was the rumor of her quarter. It was marvellous how, with only one tongue and one pair of ears, she performed the function of the goddess furnished by the poet with a hundred of the same organs. But Letitia really had several pair of tongues, almost as much at her service as if they had been her own, for she was a member—and a leading member—of a club, or coterie, of widows and spinsters like herself, who held their weekly meetings at each other's lodgings in rotation, and supped together on oysters, stewed kidneys, lobsters, chicken salads, or ducks and green peas, according to the time of the year. It was called among themselves the Lobster Club, because, when formed originally, a lobster, in one form or another, constituted the modest staple of their midnight feasts; but when Miss Cateran joined it, her more aspiring mind and superior gastronomic tastes introduced a more

varied and luxurious style. It was she also who proposed and carried the stimulating regulation that the lady who contributed the finest and freshest morsels of gossip or scandal to the intellectual part of the Tyburnian night's entertainment should always be first helped at supper; an honor which was unanimously conferred on herself at the first meeting of the club that took place after Mrs. Upjohn's return to town. Miss Cateran was more indefensible than her friend, for she had not the excuse of any affront or injury, either real or imaginary. How differently maiden ladies employ their time and their talents! Compare Miss Cateran, for instance, with Mary Marjoram. Letitia would have thought the comparison an insult. Miss Marjoram, too, went from house to house, but it was with alms, not spicy anecdotes; with charity in her hand, not with slanders on her tongue. It was only poor people who were regaled by Mary; she was always prowling about their paths and their beds, doing them little furtive services, and blushing to be found out, as Letitia, probably, never did when she published a report that wounded or perhaps killed a reputation. But, on the other hand, Mary Marjoram was not in the least amusing, or amused her own fireside only, while the other lady entertained and diverted half Tyburnia.

However, no amount of currency given to calumnies in London would have answered the purposes of Mrs. Upjohn, far as they yet were from their full development. They must be wafted to Mr. Rowley's ear, or it would have been so much mischief wasted. And here one of Mr. Rowley's habits was of the utmost service. It was his practice to read his daughter's letters, the consequence of which was that a few words adroitly introduced into a letter to his daughter Fanny were as sure to take effect as if they had been addressed directly to himself, with the great advantage of appearing to have no very particular design. Mrs. Upjohn's original intention had been (as has been mentioned) to write herself directly to Mr. Rowley, but on reflection she came to the conclusion that an oblique stroke would be more telling. Her daughter had been in the habit of corresponding at intervals with Fanny Rowley, but latterly the intervals had been growing longer. One morning at breakfast (the second or third after their arrival in town) Mrs. Upjohn reminded Harriet that she had not written to her cousin lately. Miss Upjohn made the remark which she had often made before, that she never cared much to write what her uncle was as certain to read as her cousin.

"Never mind," said Mrs. Upjohn; "we have nothing, my dear, to conceal from anybody. Say any thing that comes into your head, and only take care to say nothing that might vex your poor uncle to hear. He has enough to bear without our adding a thorn to his pillow—and leave me room to add a few lines."

Miss Upjohn wrote in the course of the day, leaving a page for her mother, in which she administered her first little dose as neatly as a Smethurst or a Pritchard.

Mrs. Upjohn had the vulgar trick of underlining every second word she wrote; but her underlinings on this occasion were not the mere trick of an ill-educated underbred woman.

"I add a word, Fanny dear, to what Harriet has written, just to say how *grieved* we all were not to have had the pleasure of receiving Mrs. Rowley. But she took us all by surprise, and Harriet and I had just gone up to town. And only think of her being *obliged* to go to Mr. Cosie's! but indeed your uncle would have done his best to make her comfortable in my absence. He was *greatly disappointed*; but don't suppose that he has taken offence at that or any thing else that has occurred, though he does feel a *little* certainly. He knows too well that *your dear papa* is *incapable* of doing any thing *intentionally* to give him pain. As to myself, I never meddle with business, and never did. I am only worried when I see *your poor uncle worried*; but please God he will *soon be himself again*. I trust we shall see your mother when she passes through town again. A thousand loves to your dear father and yourself."

A second attempt to make a cat's-paw of Miss Cateran failed, though it was backed with the bribe of a perigord pie. Letitia accepted the pie; but she was not to be prevailed on to commit herself in black and white, even in the form of an entertaining letter, which might by possibility be seen, or at least heard of, by Mrs. Rowley. Though Mrs. Upjohn was chagrined at the sacrifice of the perigord, she was too magnanimous to quarrel with Miss Cateran for so small a matter, particularly as that lady had already done such good service, and might be relied on to do more in her own fashion.

Baffled in this, and having as yet made no allusion to Mr. Alexander, a happy thought occurred to Mrs. Upjohn. She broke into her husband's study in her sudden bustling way, though not with the rush of a former invasion which has been described, or with the same ugly expression in her eye. On the contrary, its expression was considerate now, and almost benign.

"Now, John, my dear," she said, "I warrant you have never written to your brother to thank him for pressing Foxden on us. Though our pride forbids us to accept it, we ought still to acknowledge his kindness. Toward him, you know, my feelings can never be altered."

"But, Bab, he will be more vexed by our refusal than gratified by our thanks."

"Perhaps so; but still it is our duty, and I won't leave this room until you do it. You know I couldn't depend on you; if I did; you would instantly forget all about it, and return to your beloved papers, whatever they are. I suppose you are squaring the circle."

"Would you like to know what I'm writing?" said her simple spouse, thinking this a fair opening, and pleased to find his wife so placid and amiable.

"You can tell me at dinner," she replied; "now you must write your letter—don't fuss yourself—here's the paper for you—here's every thing—a few lines will do; but I don't stir until they are written."

"I suppose I must," said poor John, with smiling resignation.

"Must's the word," said his wife, with a no less pleasant peremptoriness.

Under this gentle pressure, he covered half a sheet of paper in his rambling hand, and paused, looking up to the ceiling for inspiration, like a bad whist-player, sure to play the wrong card at the end of his deliberations.

"I dare say you have written quite enough," said his wife; "conclude, and give the letter to me; I'll stamp and direct it for you, and save you all further trouble."

"Thank you, Bab, for I am really very busy this morning."

Mrs. Upjohn carried the epistle off to her boudoir, and stamped and directed it as she had promised; but she went a little beyond her promise, for, before she put it in the envelope, she added a postscript, in which she administered a second dose, considerably stronger than the first.

Such were the successive blows struck in Paris, which recoiled, as we have seen, on Mrs. Rowley in Cornwall, and, with the help of adroit cuttings from newspapers, brought her career in England to an abrupt close.

When Mrs. Rowley arrived in town, nothing particular was doing. Her enemy was in an attitude of observation.

When Carry came home that evening, and had been well examined and cross-examined (though with a caution that would have done credit to a lawyer at *nisi prius*), and it turned out from her unsuspecting evidence that Mrs. Rowley had found time to go to Spring Gardens, though she had not had the decency to visit her relations, Mrs. Upjohn saw a third opportunity for mischief, and poor Carry's wasted fingers would infallibly have been thrust into the scorching embers like her uncle's, had not two events occurred, one of which inflamed Mrs. Upjohn's wrath to the boiling-point, and the other suggested a definite plan of vengeance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEVEN SITTINGS WITH POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

BY HENRY W. BELLOWES.

VZ.

May 86A.

OUR talk to-day was miscellaneous.

Mr. Powers said, some people wonder that the Omnipotent Creator did not make a universe free from pain! They do not seem to reflect that we should know very little of pleasure without our experience of pain. Want, deprivation, other names for pain, seem to be the conditions of our energy and enterprise in seeking good, and every new want is the pressure under which some new possession is forced into existence. And what a police force stands about our happiness, under the name

of pain! No microscope can discern a point so fine in the human organism that right upon it does not stand a sentinel called pain, warning off and punishing every intruding enemy of our peace. Few children would grow up, if pain did not environ them with its providential protection. Their feet might burn off before their sleeping brains knew the peril, if pain did not hurry its express from toe to crown, warning them of their danger. If any one asks why the Infinite did not make us so as not to need any warnings, because no enemy could attack or injure us, he asks a question which is only to be answered by saying, that infinite power and wisdom, if it create at all, must create what is finite, otherwise we should have two infinities. And what is finite is necessarily imperfect, and what is imperfect is, by its very definition, a subject of deprivation, want, and pain. Stop where you will, if creation is to exist at all, it can exist only imperfectly. To complain of imperfection, is to complain of creation itself. If we wish to reason ourselves out of existence, and to think no being at all better than our present being, with all its imperfections, we may rationally complain of pain, but not otherwise. Probably evil does not exist to God, who sees the end from the beginning. The untwisting of the pure ray of His infinite plan gives us, for our instruction, these various threads, some of which look dark, only because separately regarded. If we could see it all as He sees it, it would justify itself to us as it does to Him; but for that we should need to live not in time but eternity.

What a sculptor (I said) the human soul is, and how it leaves its impress upon the mould of each man's body.

Yes (he said), and all men know, with more certainty than most can tell, what every human soul is and has been about. The human face is a perpetual declaration and publication of the character of the soul that dwells behind it. How beautiful is a virtuous old age, and how marked the clay with the patient touches of aspiration, submission, dutifulness, and longing for immortality! The signs and indications of character pass in most cases right through the rational part of us into the spiritual court, where the unconscious instincts and sympathies sit in judgment. The reasons for our likes and dislikes, our attractions and antipathies, few of us can give; but they no less exist, and are rarely without warrant. If I see a woman, deemed of pure and reputable character, associating willingly with a man of worthless and unhallowed dispositions and purposes, I forgive for a time her inexperience, and make all allowance for attractions which often exist in spite of what is evil. But, if this lasts, and there is no apparent shrinking and getting away from the corrupter, then I know that the corruption has spread, and into a soil not uncongenial or unprepared for it. Either the corrupter leaves because he is resisted and foiled, or the innocent adopts his ways and feelings. I find "the partridge in the puttock's nest," and I must judge it as I would the puttock himself. Our associates characterize us at last, if they are of our own choice.

People think I am needlessly anxious and careful about the small and fine lines in human faces. It is because I know how much each line represents, and what great distinctions dwell in the smallest hiding-places. Let me rub out, for a moment, this little depression in this lip. Do you see how it robs the expression of the mouth? Now I put it in again, and you see it all back. Shakespeare may have been right, when he said "We cannot tell the mind's construction from the outward form." But, if we cannot tell it, we can *feel* it when it is too complex to describe, and the simplest draw often the most sound practical inferences from the faces of persons far above them in intellect and experience.

A very agreeable friend came in about this time, and stayed the remainder of my sitting, talking a good deal, and most intelligently, himself. But Mr. Powers was let down from the plane of his thoughts, and said nothing more specially worth recording.

If I were to give my own picture of the artist, in an off-hand way, after this week's daily intercourse with him, I should speak somewhat thus:

Mr. Powers has the distinguishing mark of intellectual greatness, in being able to grasp principles without forgetting or losing sight of details. He is as broad in his generalizations as he is minute in his particulars; and, with a habit of referring all things to great principles, he is the closest observer of special facts, and puts the highest valuation on them. This is just as noticeable in his conversation as in his works. He has a vigorous and retentive brain, which holds fast the thread of his own purpose. Interrupt him ever so much, or let him go out of his way ever so far, he returns infallibly to the line of his own thought, and never dismisses it till he has done with it. This, again, is apparent in his busts and statues. No fineness or delicacy of finish in the details or surface loosens or distracts his attention from the main purpose, the characteristic or central expression of his work. This self-centred quality accounts for the persistency of the original simplicity and American type of his character and genius. Thirty years away from home have not affected his patriotism or his New-England homeliness. He is every inch an American, and perpetual converse with other nationalities, and with all schools of art, has not shaken him from his native style, or the well-considered and home-brewed notions of his vocation he brought abroad with him. His manners, his accent, his expression, are thoroughly unartificialized. He holds on to himself with an indomitable self-possession, which is a constitutional part of his genius and character. His persistent brains make him also excessively sharp in the outlines of his thoughts, as well as the lines of his chisel. Precision is the most marked characteristic of his mind, his eye, and his hand. The defects of his early education may appear in directions where a more general acquaintance with literature or theology would widen his experience. But he is a thoroughly-educated man in the habits of his mind, reaching his conclusions by analysis, patient thinking, and constant reference to first principles. This quality saves him from all fumbling and waste of tentative effort. He knows what he knows, and goes toward his end by the shortest road. There is no guessing, no taking for granted, no feeling after effects. His remarkable eyes, not second to Daniel Webster's, which they resemble, see forms, whether of thoughts or things, in precise outline, and his hand, an exquisite machine when Nature moulded it, has developed all its hidden cunning, until it matches his eye perfectly. I have never seen any mechanic work with more calm confidence at his trade than Powers works at his art. It is this positive and precise knowledge which enables him to accomplish so much, and which keeps him from undertaking what he does not know and knows that he does not know how to perform. He might easily fill our galleries with hasty statues that would satisfy the knowledge and tastes of most critics. But he has a critic at home, in his own studio, who is not satisfied so easily, and who must be satisfied before the public will be allowed any chance to be pleased or displeased.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE SCIENTIFIC ASSOCIATION.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science will hold its eighteenth meeting at Salem, Mass., commencing Wednesday, August 18th. The last year's meeting was held in Chicago, under the presidency of Dr. Gould. His successor-elect was Dr. J. W. Foster, of Chicago, who will preside at the Salem gathering. We present an excellent likeness of the new president, and accompany it with some particulars of his life.

Dr. Foster was born at Petersham, Mass., March 4, 1815. He went through a classical and scientific course of colle-

giate study at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., and afterward studied law and was admitted to the bar. In 1837, he went to Zanesville, O., and, when the geological survey of that State was instituted, he became an assistant to Professor W. W. Mather, who in former years had been his teacher in natural science.

In 1845, he visited Lake Superior, in the interest of private parties, to examine the mineral resources of the country; and, in 1849, Congress authorized a geological survey of that region. Dr. C. T. Jackson was assigned to the direction of the work, and Dr. Foster and J. D. Whitney were among the assistants; while, two years later, the direction of the work was entirely confided to these gentlemen. The observations they made are embraced in two volumes, entitled "Report on the Geology and Topography of the Lake-Superior Land District" (1850-1852). A full *résumé* of these volumes was subsequently made in

French and German, and the results were thus made accessible to European readers. These volumes contain a full exposition of the phenomena of the deposits of copper and iron, which are there displayed on a magnificent scale, and which have since played so important a part in the mining industry of the country. But these reports are chiefly interesting as having first enunciated and fully described the existence of the *azoic system*—a class of rocks obscurely stratified, highly metamorphosed, and interposed between the Potsdam sandstone and the granite. This system is now universally recognized, and incorporated in the classifications of

the geological text-books. These rocks are described in this work as having a geographical range from Labrador to the sources of the Mississippi, and as having been metamorphosed, plicated, and upheaved, before the deposition of the Potsdam sandstone, constituting, in fact, the primal continent.

Dr. Foster has identified himself with the West, and has been long occupied in studying its climate and its mineral and agricultural resources. He aspires to become its physical historian, and has lately published an elaborate and able volume, entitled "The Mississippi Valley," which is descriptive of the physical geography, topography, botany, climate, geology, and mineral resources, of that vast and important region of the continent.

President Foster is now engaged on a work which will be devoted to "The Pre-historic Races of the Mississippi Valley." While, in Europe, the observations do not carry the antiquity of man beyond the Valley Drifts, and while doubts have been

cast upon the authenticity of the California skull, Dr. Foster thinks he has evidence which cannot be gainsaid, that here men existed through the true drift-period, apparently before the mastodon and other extinct animals.

Dr. Foster's contributions to the American Association for the Advancement of Science and to the Chicago Academy of Sciences are numerous, varied, and valuable.

A RECENT STEP IN PHYSIOLOGY.

IN 1862, Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., of the Bellevue College, New York, published some experimental researches into the functions of the liver. His elaborate paper upon this subject was translated into French last year, and republished by Bailière, of Paris, and D. Appleton & Co., New York. The attention of the Imperial

Institute of France being called to these researches by M. Robin, that learned body was so impressed with their originality and importance, that, at their late annual session, held June 14th, they made honorable mention of Dr. Flint's contributions, and testified their interest in his labors and his success by sending him an award of fifteen hundred francs. Now that this work of our countryman has received foreign indorsement, it may be worth while to look into it.

These researches of Dr. Flint are not only valuable to the medical man, but they have an interest to all who care to understand the harmonies and connec-

tions of life. Physiology is no longer a kind of vague, applied anatomy, but it is simply the science of the forces of life. But living beings do not create their own power; they borrow it from the sun. The vegetable world is a vast apparatus for storing solar energy; and alimentary compounds, which all come ultimately from plants, are substances which have been raised through various degrees of chemical complexity by the expenditure of solar force. The food we consume represents power in the organic grouping and complexity of its atoms. We take a certain amount of it each day, and extract the force from it, which is then expended in all the various forms of animal power. The forces expended in the operations of digestion, assimilation, excretion, circulation, respiration, growth, repair, muscular movement, and nervous activity, all come from the alimentary substances, and are given out by them as they fall from a higher to a lower complexity of composition. The solar energy con-



J. W. Foster, LL. D., President of the American Scientific Association.

centrated by the constructive chemistry of plants is dissipated in animal uses by the destructive chemistry of the animal organism. Now, Dr. Flint has the high scientific honor of having first traced the descending course of one of the most important products of decomposition, from its origin in the organ of thought to its escape from the system, and of having shown the accompanying physiological and pathological phenomena.

In the year 1782, when organic chemistry was yet in its infancy, a Frenchman named Poulletier de la Salle discovered, in a morbid product of the liver, a new substance, which has since gone under the name of *cholesterine*. It has all the properties of the fats, except that it will not form soap with alkalis. It is a highly-carbonized body, having the formula $C_{25}H_{45}O$, burns with a bright flame, and crystallizes in thin, transparent plates. It is found in the blood, bile, liver, crystalline lens, brain, nervous matter, and in tumors, cancers, and numerous morbid deposits. It was to the physiological history of this substance, to its origin, destination, and relations to disease, that Dr. Flint's inquiries were directed. By a large number of delicate experiments upon dogs, he has proved that the blood going to the brain contains but a small quantity of *cholesterine*, while that coming from the brain contains a large quantity; and, as it is found abundantly in the brain, and in no other tissues of the body but the nerves, the conclusion was reached that it is produced in the cerebral organ, and absorbed thence into the blood. But Dr. Flint did not confine his investigation to dogs. Experiments were made upon human beings which strikingly confirmed the view that *cholesterine* is a product of the destructive assimilation of nervous tissue. If such were the case, a necessary consequence would be, that any thing which interfered with regular nervous nutrition would diminish the quantity of *cholesterine* produced. In paralysis, there is a diminution of the nutritive forces in the parts affected; and Dr. Flint sought the opportunity of testing his idea in these cases. In three instances of hemiplegia (paralysis of one side) which occurred at the Blackwell's-Island Hospital, blood was drawn from both arms, and the interesting fact was established that not a single crystal of *cholesterine* could be obtained from the specimens of blood taken from the paralyzed side, while about the usual quantity was found in the blood from the sound side. *Cholesterine* is therefore a nervous excretion thrown into the returning current of the circulation. But what becomes of it?

It is found in the liver, which is a large gland, located in the course of the circulation. By subjecting this organ to the same experimental questioning that had been applied to the brain—that is, by analyzing the blood which flows to it, and also the blood which passes from it—Dr. Flint showed that it is one of the offices of that gland to separate this substance from the blood-stream. Further experiments proved that it escaped from the liver in the bile; but Dr. Flint denies that it is ever rejected from the system as *cholesterine*. He maintains that, in its passage through the intestinal tract, it is transformed into another compound, which he calls *stercorine*.

There has been much doubt and perplexity respecting the functions of the liver. Are they *secretory*—that is, does this organ manufacture and secrete products which are of use in the economy? or, are its offices *excretory*—the ridding of the system of its injurious waste matters? Dr. Flint replies that it does both. It produces substances which did not preëxist in the blood, and which subserve important uses; but it acts also as a purifier by separating *cholesterine*, which, if not withdrawn from the blood, would contaminate it.

These views have relation to disease, and bear directly upon medical practice. The disease called *jaundice* is known to depend upon derangements of the liver, and is of two kinds. One is dependent upon the obstruction of the bile, when its coloring matter is reabsorbed into the circulation, and, being thrown to the surface, gives rise to the yellow appearance of the skin. This malady is not serious. But the other form of *jaundice* is due to a structural change in the liver itself, which

incapacitates it from performing its excretory office. It hence gives rise to blood-poisoning by accumulation of *cholesterine*, and is almost invariably fatal. This morbid condition Dr. Flint terms *cholesteremia*, and his researches contribute to give us something more definite and satisfactory than the old obscure notions expressed by the vague terms “biliousness” and “liver-complaint.”

This brief and quiet statement of results will convey to the reader no notion of the exceeding difficulty, delicacy, and laboriousness of the investigations by which they were reached. Precious facts like these, which carry us farther than the human mind had ever before penetrated into the mysteries of Nature and life, are not to be had by simply asking for them, nor by mere mental excoitation, nor by a little agreeable experimentation. Though private and inconspicuous in his work, and uncheered by the thundering applause which attends the demonstrations of the public demagogue, the scientific inquirer is encouraged by a finer and nobler stimulus—the pleasure of discovering the truths of Nature, and the consciousness of doing solid and imperishable good to the world—while in these unobtrusive labors there is an element of true heroism which mankind will yet more justly appreciate. The prompt and cordial and substantial recognition of these researches of Dr. Flint, by a people across the ocean, of a different race, faith, and language from our own, shows that the value of truth and the intellectual rights of its devotees are already beginning to meet with their due acknowledgment and consideration.

TABLE-TALK.

BURLESQUE has departed from our city theatres almost entirely, and comedy and melodrama are installed in its place. At Booth's we have Jefferson as Rip van Winkle; at Wallack's, Mr. Owens in the comedy of “Self;” and at Niblo's, where the English blondes had swayed so long, Boucicault's drama of “Arrah Na Pogue” has been reproduced. The most noticeable of all these performances, undoubtedly, is that of Mr. Jefferson's Rip van Winkle—a part that has been made by this gentleman one of the most distinctive and successful in the more recent drama. The public and the critics have united in accepting it as dramatically perfect. It has become Mr. Jefferson's almost exclusive representation, and long engagements to crowded houses in each of our cities testify the general appreciation of its excellences. This success is abundant proof of a purer taste in the theatrical public than they usually get credit for; for, whatever may be the defects of the performance, its essential merits are its delicacy, refinement, and naturalness. It is, without much doubt, the most thoroughly untheatrical performance we have, possessing nothing of the exaggeration, nothing of the mannerism, and but little of the methods, of the ordinary stage. It is marked by a felicity, a refinement of perception, a sweetness of tone, a beauty of undemonstrative expression, and a fidelity to detail, which render it to most minds supremely enjoyable. But, while conceding all these excellences, it seems to us to lack several essential requisites for a perfect performance. It does not impress us at all as the real Rip van Winkle. It has too much refinement, and too little heartiness; it needs breadth and depth of tone; it wants impasto. It is a sketch in water-colors, and not in oil. It is thin and accurate pre-Raphaelism—perfect, but not powerful; made up of delicately-executed details, but without force or atmosphere. It may be questioned whether these opposite elements are possible in one temperament, while it is evident that the taste of the age is more in consonance with realistic accuracy than with broad massiveness of effect. Mr. Jefferson's success abundantly proves this. Only those who have seen and studied the old comedy can fully understand how essentially and radically the new differs from it. The old was crusty, mellow, hearty; the new is neat, exact, finished. The old warmed and fascinated the imagination; the new satisfies the judgment. The new cannot render the old-comedy characters; the old would have disdained the personation of many of those in the new. Those who have enjoyed the ripe expression of a former comedy can scarcely, in witnessing a performance like that of Mr. Jefferson, with willingness accept its perfect realism as a sub-

stitute for that rich, genial breadth of tone they have been accustomed to admire. Rip van Winkle, moreover, as a character, more essentially belongs to the effective coloring of the old style, than to the narrow niceties of the new. The art of the actor seems throughout inconsistent with the character, which needs more color and tone than it receives. There is too much intellect and too much refinement—apparent both in the face and in the manner of Mr. Jefferson—to suit the part. You are sure he is not the jolly, thoughtless, drunken dog the text says he is. You may admire the pathos, the humor, the tenderness, and the delicacy of the actor; but you cannot quite convince yourself that they are such pathos and tenderness and delicacy that pertain to the idle and worthless character of the legend.

—The Convention of American Philologists, held in Poughkeepsie during the last week in July, was a step in the right direction, as was also the metamorphosis of this convention into a formal association. It is full time that philology should be accorded a more prominent place among American scientists than has heretofore been given it. The number of persons in this country who have made a study of this branch of science is so small, that it may appear comical that they should organize themselves into an association. To a certain extent, this is true; but there is a large and increasing number of persons who are attracted by the charms of comparative philology to an investigation of philology in its full scope. How very few have thoroughly studied the subject, was painfully evident at the convention. There were read papers on the importance of the study of Latin and Greek classics, and, *per contra*, on the greater importance of studying the modern languages; also, on the mode of teaching languages, and the value of the classics in securing the higher development of mankind—all of which would have been well enough in the proper place; but they have no relation to philology. A few, and only a few, of the papers presented, bore upon the questions properly belonging to a convention of philologists. This we state simply as a fact, and not by way of complaint. It was, no doubt, impossible to keep out from a mass convention (subsequently merged into an association) the discussion of topics extraneous to the field which was marked out for the convention. But we do regret that, with the exception of a few words from Professor William D. Whitney on the true method of pronouncing Latin and Greek, and the four papers on the languages of the aborigines of North America, not a word was heard from the most thorough philologists in the convention. The names of these gentlemen we will not commit the discourtesy of mentioning; every reader, who is at all conversant with philology, will know whom we mean. Next year we shall expect something better. No papers will be allowed to be read to the association that have not obtained the indorsement of the executive committee. To this committee we shall look to keep out the ill-digested essays of mere dabbles in philology, and to make sure that the experts in the science have a hearing. The association possesses the material to do good service in behalf of the science to which it is to be devoted; hence, while we wish it well, we trust that it will not be unmindful of the responsibility that rests upon it.

—Mr. Stewart's retail store at the corner of Tenth Street and Broadway is now the largest warehouse in the world; but, not content with its already palatial dimensions, Mr. Stewart has determined to enlarge it, so as to take in the space covered by the houses now standing at the southwestern angle, thereby extending the structure over the entire square. This addition is probably scarcely necessary for the space acquired, but is architecturally important, in order to render the building complete and unbroken on its four sides. We could wish the material were not of iron, this substance being always either dingy in old paint, or glittering in new; but, altogether, the building, even without the contemplated addition, is a very imposing one, and those whose tastes are similar to old Dr. Johnson's ("I like to buy my ounce of tea in a stately shop, sir") must find in its spacious dignity and elegance much to admire. Our dry-goods "shops," indeed, add largely every year to our architectural attractions. The two new buildings completed for Arnold, Constable & Co., and for McCreary & Co., are to be followed, we understand, by another very handsome marble pile for Lord & Taylor. Ladies have always found great fascination in shopping, and the way our dry-goods merchants house themselves must add to its delights.

—One of the greatest of all political anomalies is the stand which Russia, once the synonyme of barbarism and autocracy, has taken in

the march of progress and true social liberty. Within a comparatively few years liberty, in thought, word, or action, was an unknown thing in any portion of that empire: yet, step by step, serfdom has been abolished; books are openly published which once would have consigned authors, printers, and owners, to Siberian exile; liberty of thought, speech, and religion, has been greatly extended, and now another step has been taken which places her in advance of all Continental nations as the practical champion of woman's rights. An *ukase* has been issued prohibiting the marriage of any woman without her free consent, and providing for the imprisonment of parents who shall be convicted of coercing their daughters into unwilling nuptials. Nowhere else in Europe is there any such law, and this will fall like a flash of lightning from a clear sky upon all classes in Russia, where, more than in any other Christian country, the will of the parent has ever been the law of the child.

—We are amused to observe that many prominent journals, which ridiculed the idea of the Empress of France visiting the United States next summer, a fact first announced in this JOURNAL, have since informed their readers that cottages have been engaged at Saratoga, for the use of the empress and her party. The Prince Imperial, who is now in his fourteenth year, will accompany his royal mother, and the entire *cortège* will consist of about thirty persons. The empress will visit Boston, Newport, New York, Saratoga, and Niagara Falls, and may possibly extend her tour to California, proceeding to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, on her return from the West. "It has been one of my dreams to visit America," said the empress to our informant, "and next year I shall see New York and Niagara Falls."

Literary Notes.

MR. GLADSTONE has recently given to the world of letters another volume of his views on the Homeric Poems, under the title of "Juvenus Mundi," which is smaller than his first work on the same subject, though with a different title; the first, published in 1843, having been "Homeric Studies." In this new volume he maintains, in substance, his original views, though in a modified and condensed form, and, as in the former case, has excited diverse opinions in the minds of rival critics. While all reviewers acknowledge the vast labor and scholarship displayed in the preparation of the work, they have shown by no means the same unanimity in their estimate of its literary ability as a whole. To give an idea of the tone of the press, we will quote from the opinions of the *Saturday Review* and the *Spectator*, as representatives of the two classes of readers. The *Review* asserts that there is great irregularity in his work, and that while on some parts he has bestowed the greatest pains, on others he has apparently taken up the slight conjectures of others. The *Spectator*, on the other hand, concludes a very elaborate review in these words: "We take leave of the volume with an unusually strong feeling that it is one to which a critic can scarcely do justice; but which every reader will prize, however frequently he may dissent from its views, for the patience, the diligence, and the enthusiasm of learning of which it is the expression."

Mr. Henry Abbey's "Stories in Verse" consist of several well-told tales. The first, called "Blanche; an Exhalation from Withered Violets," is simply a collection of minor poems, strung on the slender thread of a story, and we presume are Mr. Abbey's fugitive pieces, gathered by a happy device into one pleasing bouquet. The other poems are "Karage, an African," "Demetrius," "The Strong Spider," "Grace Bernard," and "Veers." All these metrical romances are told in a graceful and often picturesque verse. Mr. Abbey's style is Wordsworthian; he celebrates the beauty of simple things in verse as unaffected and simple as he could make it. If he reminds one sometimes of Tennyson, and sometimes of Coventry Patmore, it is because those poets, in common with almost all modern versifiers, are outcomers from the school founded by the great head of the Lake poets. Mr. Abbey is sufficiently original, however, to escape the charge of imitation, but what his place among American poets will be remains to be seen.

Another attempt to supply the mythical American novel has been made by an anonymous author, the title of his production being "My Daughter Elinor." This work has not the crudity of many pictures of American society, but it compensates for this by delineating a sort of society that is far more English than American. The story is a very quiet one, and has scarcely sufficient plot, indeed, to hold it together; but the style is simple and natural, and, while there is a little overstraining in the characters, there is none at all in the incidents. The characters

have individuality, but are altogether too fond of talking. The chat is often brilliant, and is always happy, but one wearies of the ceaseless fireworks, to the discharge of which the story continually halts. The end, moreover, ere many chapters are passed, is perfectly obvious, and the interest of the reader must depend entirely upon the matter and manner of the author—a test which very few novels could successfully stand. With a little better material the author can write a book that would attain a decided popular success. (Harper & Brothers.)

Not many years ago a book on yachts would have found but few readers in this country; but now, under the influence of the numerous clubs throughout our entire seaboard, and with the general interest felt everywhere in the comparative superiority of English and American yachts and yachtsmen, any work on the subject finds a ready sale. It is therefore to be hoped that a little volume by Edwin Brett, entitled "Notes on Yachts," which has recently appeared in London, will be republished in this country. The London press welcomes the book as useful as well as interesting, and as making its appearance at the very time when it was wanted. The *Pull Mall Gazette* concludes a very complimentary review in these words: "... this careful and intelligent volume, for which room may be found in the smallest as well as the largest cabin, to the improvement of those who desire not only to enjoy yachting as a sport, but to practise it as an art."

"Mademoiselle Fifty Millions" is a new novel from the French, turning upon incidents connected with the nieces of Cardinal Mazarin, whom that ambitious and wily diplomatist brought from Italy, and succeeded, after almost numberless intrigues, in marrying to his satisfaction. The adventures of Hortense Mancini, who, inheriting the greater part of the cardinal's immense wealth, became known as Mademoiselle Fifty Millions, are among the most surprising and romantic in history, and in this novel the whole of her remarkable career is depicted in a fresh, vivid, and dramatic style. The story of the cardinal's three nieces is certainly one of the most romantic episodes in history, and the reader who delights in inside views of historical periods will find this romance, no doubt, largely to his taste. Published by D. Appleton & Co.

The London *Daily News* announces that a new monthly periodical, under the name of *Social Economy*, is soon to be published, simultaneously in England, in France, in Germany, and in the United States, as the organ of the International Association of Workmen.

The Museum.

IN the short list given in APPLETON'S JOURNAL, August 7th, exemplifying the longevity of philosophers and poets, the average of the lives in the first column is about seventy-eight years; in the second column, about sixty-five and a half years. That this is an exaggeration of the real difference is shown by the more complete list here given. The following list, prepared by one of our ablest contributors, includes such a large proportion of the most eminent men who have lived, that it is not likely to be very far from correct in its results. The compiler observes that, the position of some names might be challenged. Livy might be claimed for the second column, and Voltaire and Rousseau for the first. Lessing certainly belongs to the first; but the public knows him chiefly as a poet; he is, therefore, put in the second:

Scientific Temperament.	Artistic Temperament.	Men of Action.
Fontenelle.....100	Titian.....99	Henry Dandolo.....97
Cassius.....94	Sophocles.....90	Lord Eldon.....87
Hobbes.....92	Crébillon.....90	Warren Hastings.....86
Huet.....91	Michael Angelo.....89	Lord Coke.....84
A. Humboldt.....89	Landor.....89	Dumouriez.....84
Blumenbach.....88	Goldoni.....86	Talleyrand.....84
Reid.....87	Metastasio.....84	Wellington.....83
Rosset.....87	Voltaire.....84	Jefferson.....83
Halley.....86	Goethe.....83	Emperor Justinian.....83
Mariana.....86	Claude Lorraine.....83	Marshal Soult.....83
Newton.....85	Tintoretto.....83	Lord Burghley.....81
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Sum of 110 lives, 7,038 years.

Average duration, about 60½ years.

Sum of 110 lives, 7,123 years.

Average duration, about 64½ years.

Sum of 110 lives, 6,713 years.

Average duration, about 61 years.

We last week gave our readers a partial photograph of that paragon of conjugal fidelity, the hornbill. We celebrate his eminent virtues by this week giving his complete likeness. Although hardly a beauty, he evidently has a marked character. Mr. Wood says: "When at liberty in his native forests the hornbill is lively and active, leaping from bough to bough with great lightness, and appearing to be not in the least incommoded by its large beak. It ascends the tree by a succession of easy jumps, each of which brings it to a higher branch, and when it has attained the very summit of the tree it stops, and pours forth a succession of loud, roaring sounds, which can be heard at a considerable distance." They are all distinguished by their enormous beaks, and some have curious helmets which equal the beak in size, the whole effect being that the bird seems overweighted, but the horny substance is a very light, thin, strong shell, hardly thicker than paper, the whole interior being composed of numerous honey-combed cells, with their



The Rhinoceros Hornbill.

walls and wide spaces so arranged as to give great strength with a very small expenditure of material. The object of the huge inverted, false beak or helmet may seem obscure, but it is probably a kind of sounding-board, and serves by its vibrations to give resonance and volume to the loud, roaring cry for which this bird has become so celebrated.

The effect of perspective is as often to deceive in details as to give truth to general impressions; and those accessories are sometimes wanting in Nature, which, when supplied by art, give truth to the landscape. Thus, a streak of clouds adds height to a peak, which should appear lofty, but which scarcely rises above the true horizon; and a belt of mist will sunder two snowy mountains, which, though at very different distances, for want of a play of light and shade on their dazzling surfaces, and from the extreme transparency of the atmosphere in lofty regions, appear to be at the same distance from the observer. — J. D. Hooker.

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